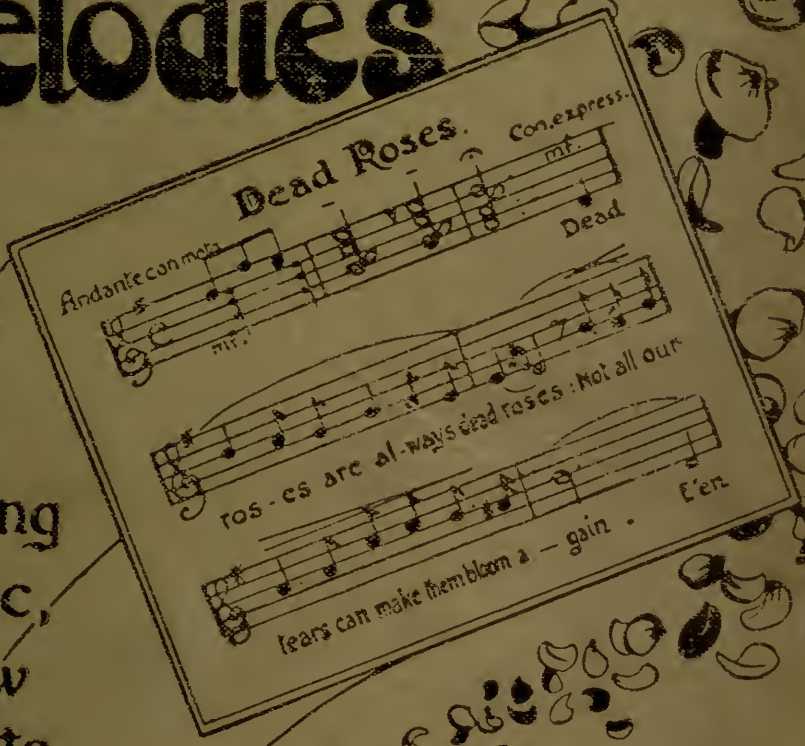
Minor Melodies

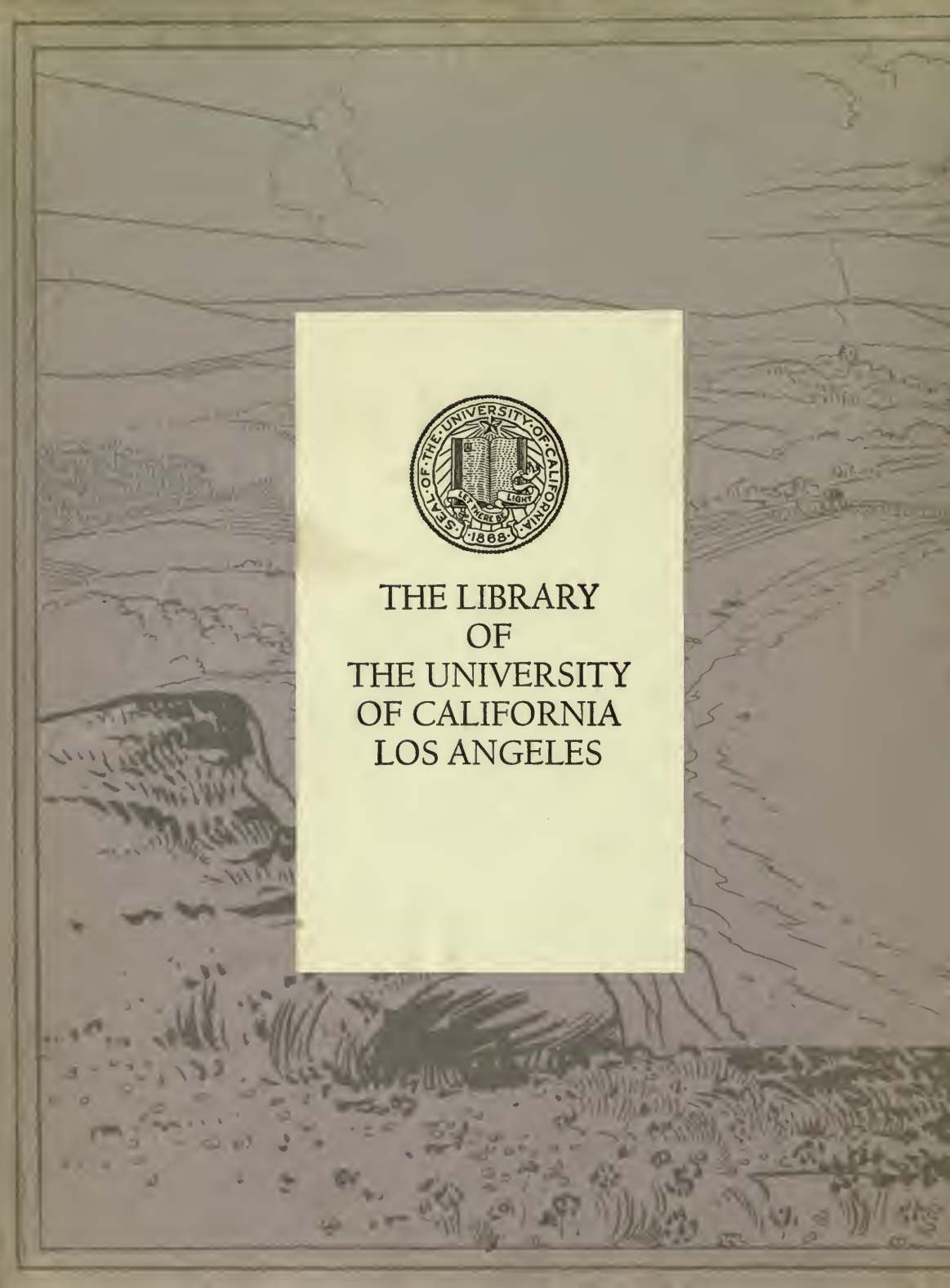


Poems and Lyrics for setting to Music, and now offered to Composers and Literary friends.

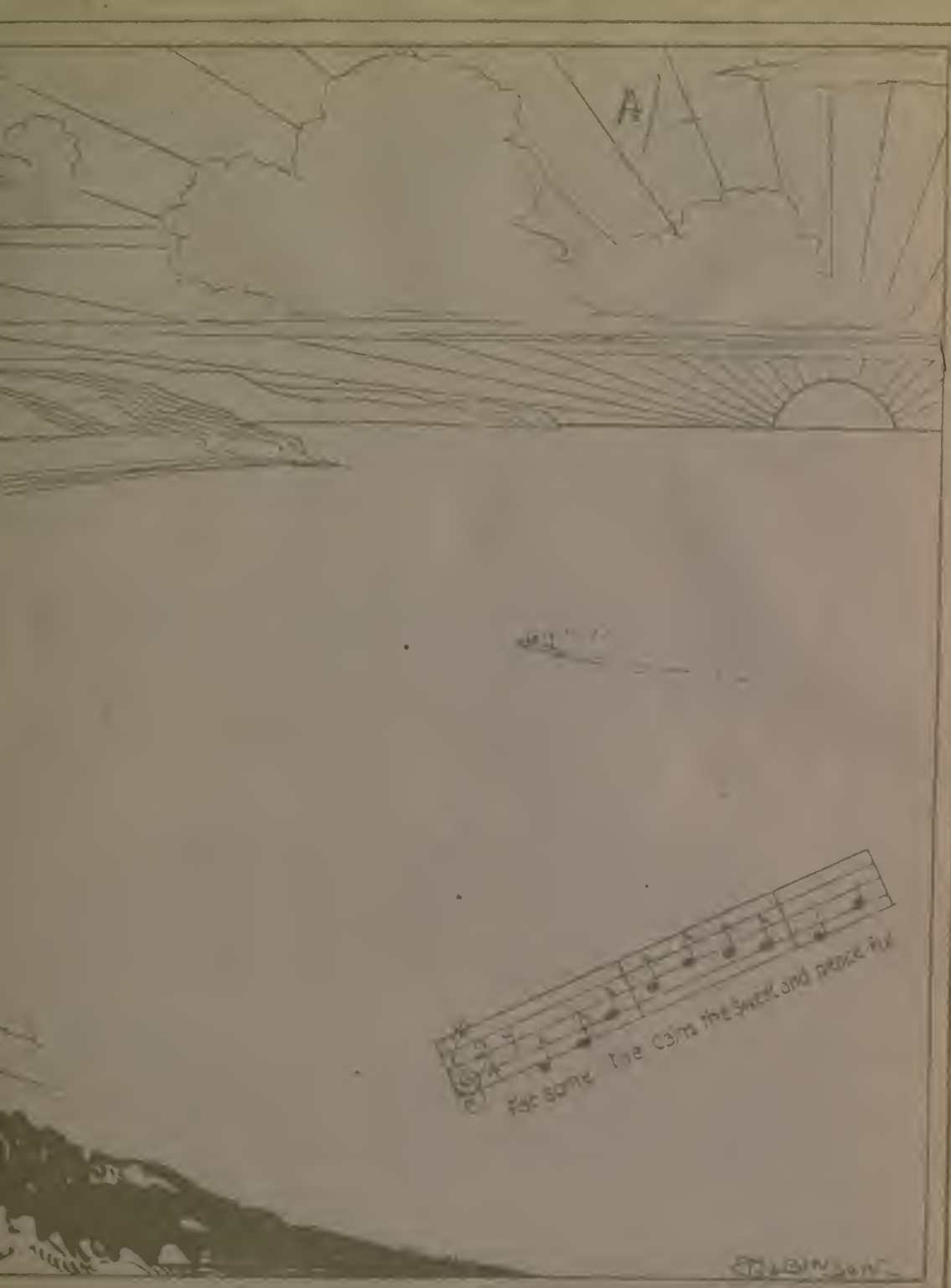
by

J. W. Stuart-Young.

nia



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES


A
For some the calm the sweet and peace ful

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/minormelodieslyr00stuaiala

MINOR MELODIES

MINOR MELODIES

LYRICS AND SONGS

BY

J. M. STUART-YOUNG

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
T. & A. CONSTABLE LIMITED
UNIVERSITY PRESS, EDINBURGH
1921

Copyright 1921 *by the Author*

PR
6037
S9325mi
1921

TO THE ONE FRIEND WHO 'UNDERSTANDS'

When my soul, with sin oppress'd,
Took love's burden to its breast;
Sweet, you made life sweet for me—
Lost to all save love and thee!

764985

For permission to re-use an earlier title (cf. *Minor Melodies* of 1904) the author extends his thanks to Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.

A few of these lyrics have appeared in *Pearson's Magazine*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Poetry*, *John o' London's Weekly*, *Chambers's Journal*, *The People's Friend*, *West Africa*, *United Empire*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Occult Review*, etc.; and the author begs leave to thank the Editors of these several periodicals.

Composers can send communications either care of Messrs. T. and A. Constable Ltd., University Press, Edinburgh, or direct to 4 Tinubu Street, Lagos, Nigeria, where the author is resident during each English winter season.

Roughly: the author's terms are, a small royalty (under the same conditions as the composers' own royalty agreements with the publishers)—but details can be discussed when the songs are ready for publication. The text of any lyric can be altered within reasonable limits.

THE AUTHOR'S ARGUMENT

As Foreword to this volume of lyrics, I had originally intended to reproduce, by courteous permission of the Editor of John o' London's Weekly, *an essay upon the Art of Lyric Writing. But, as the majority of users of this book will be Composers, an action of this kind might have savoured too much of the ancient adage about Grandmamma and the Eggs!*

I should, however, like to say, for the edification of the general *reader, that I have no present intention of offering a prize to the earliest discoverer of the most frequent use of words like 'golden,' 'dreaming,' 'roses,' 'moonbeams,' 'sweet,' 'silver,' 'memory,' 'garden,' 'dawn,' 'dew,' etc.*

It might be obvious, to even the most captious of purely literary critics, that the constant use of these (and similar) epithets is, in greater or lesser degree, inevitable to the song-writer. As each lyric must, necessarily, seek to become a perfect entity in itself—with absolutely no relation to either its predecessor or its successor—every writer of verse, meant for musical setting, is compelled to (or, rather, let us say, should not lightly be dissuaded from) the adoption of all such jewelled ornaments of his thought.

There are innumerable lyric-writers—popularly known as 'poets,' and regarded as such by that musical, but generally far from secluded, section of the public that concerns itself not one whit about the Laureateship of the Realm!—who have, for a very long time past, wallowed in the utmost extravagance of metaphor. 'A kingdom of love' is found in 'somebody's' eyes, or a 'garden of memory' is discovered in 'somebody else's' heart. But, going much further, it is now nothing new for the music-hall lover to asseverate his conviction that

'the light in your eyes makes the bright stars grow pale,'

or to assert his belief that

'the *sun* even envies your smile!'

Bits of the anatomy of the Beloved are compared to all manner of weird objects in the surrounding landscape, until the brain fairly reels again.

Of course there are many perfectly justifiable exaggerations, although, sad to tell! Mr. Lockton's 'moon of golden roses'—a superbly beautiful phrase, but actually nothing more *than a phrase!—will not stand the test of analysis. For the imagery of*

'*land of the* golden *day*,'
'*dawn where the skies gleam* gold,'
'gold *on the sunset clouds*,'
'golden *moon in the midnight skies*,'

etc., there is ample poetic excuse, even as the universally *favourite diminutive is only slightly demonstrated by the ubiquity of*

'Little *Winding Road*,'
'Little *Grey Home in the West*,'
'Little *Place for You*,'
'Little *Grey Lane*,'

etc. Nor need one be a deep student of Freud the Preposterous to understand the psychological insistence upon the value of our sleep fancies:

'*Land of my golden* dreams,'
'*Come back to* Dreamland *and me*,'
'*Lost sweet* dreams *divine*,'
'*Life's just a wonderful* dream,'

etc. The whole human race calls for these three epithets (golden *and* little *and* dreams) *with an insistence which cannot be denied! Composers and lyric-writers merely meet that demand. In all these aspects, then, of the popular needs, it should be sufficiently obvious to every one that each lyrical neophyte must frankly, and without* arrière pensée, *accept a threadbare*

'Tradition.' But he will also recognise quickly enough that this Tradition, although admittedly threadbare, is by no means exhausted. He will find that there can be incalculable Beauty in a mere Echo, provided, let it be added, that the said lyrical neophyte has certain genuinely sincere and personal cadences, with which to enrich the said Echo!

For example, if my present readers (who are presumed to be unaccustomed to the monotony of phrase which I am now seeking to explain—for the Composer needs *no explanation!) were to plod through the catalogues of half-a-score music-publishers, and were to count the number of*

Old-Fashioned Gardens,

through which the Muse of any single one of their favourite lyric-writers had strayed, they would stand almost aghast. The revelation would meet them unprepared—the, no doubt, almost unsuspected disclosure of Man's infantile infatuation with the charms and fascinations of Horticulture.

But, reader mine, that endless iteration, that honeyed insistence upon the fragrance of rose or pansy or lily or violet (the violet making a very poor runner-up indeed, in reality merely an 'also ran'!)—that sweet-voiced monotony of phrase would make no sensible argument for an abandonment *of the glowing flower-beds and the cool arbours of this old-world retreat! There would be no occasion for the poet to make an original departure toward fluent lyrical ecstasy in a description of the confused wealth, and the odoriferous magnificence, of the garden dust-bin!*

Throughout life, in all *the Arts, man is confronted by this rightly-dreaded possibility of a descent into Pessimism and Realism. For the two terms are interchangeable. It is the eternal and fragile Hope of a*

Land where all Dreams come True,

that stands as the soul's panacea against despair. For does not each fresh morning place silver dewdrops upon the rose and its companion-flowers? And is there not always that kindly golden sun, which shines with never a setting

. . . Somewhere? Is there not Faith for our sad hearts to dwell upon?—Hope and Abnegation, and tender Mother-Love to sing about and to praise?

Life, the ever-youthful, the never-old, is very sweet; and it is offered as a free gift to all who will. 'None will be denied'—and the material prospect before each and every one of us is made sparkling and joyous by a spiritual Hope! We need only train our tired eyes to see, and strain our weary ears to catch the far-off starry symphonies!

Another impediment to 'freedom of speech,' so far as the lyric-writer is concerned, is that of unsingable consonant-combinations: th, sh *and* ch *being especially objectionable, and withal most difficult to avoid. I have never heard a church called a* kirk *south of the Tweed, and yet Mr. Weatherly has such a rooted aversion from the good old English word 'church' as to drag in the kirkyard, even so far south as Somerset:—*

'Twas there we kissed and said good-bye
Beside the kirkyard wall,
And the song the blackbird sang to us
Was sweetest song of all.
O the green hills of Somerset,' etc.

After referring to the

'thrill of your tender tones'

in a recent lyric, I had resort to the psychological fact that the lover felt the presence of his beloved

'within his very bones.'

From the view-point of poetry that image was quite good—but no composer would look at it, and 'tones' had to be debased to the much-overworked 'voice,' while the objectionable reminiscence of Professor Owen became an innocuous claim about 'making the heart rejoice.'

Several of the most brilliantly-gifted of all our modern lyricists (and they are legion)—writers who are universally acknowledged to be past masters of Song Technique, and, what is of infinitely greater importance to life, all of

them devout lovers of beautiful language—have each *been responsible for upwards of a thousand lyrics and songs. Imagine it, unsophisticated reader of this Apology for a mere two hundred and fifty pages of verse! And* still *new thoughts, new modes, new aspects, new impressions are available.*

No more adequate testimony to the lyrical possibilities of expression in the tongue of Shakespeare—to the infinite elasticity of musical and literary art—could be given. I beg my readers to believe that these passing notes are not written in any grudging spirit of tribute to Hubi-Newcombe, Weatherly and Lockton. For the work of these three famous lyric-writers I have the keenest possible admiration, not, however, unmixed with a feeling of awe and wonder. It seems so easy *to write for music; but it is, in point of actual accomplishment, the most difficult poetic task in the world! Only its fascinations, only its returns in moral self-satisfaction (not in pounds, shillings and pence) make it 'a joy for ever.'*

Enough for all of us, great and small, who seek to work for the uplift of the English-speaking public, that Life is made beautiful again, whenever such accomplished rhymers as Weatherly, Lockton, Oxenford, Hubi-Newcombe, O'Reilly, Salmon, Simpson, Seton, Taylor, Glanville, Marsland, et omnes, *tell us of 'memories sweet and long,' and when their rhymes are set to the music of our most gifted and accomplished composers.*

Of this subtle art of lyric-writing is there, then, a psychological *side, upon which I am not fully competent to arbitrate? The study of psycho-analysis is by no means new to me, and I have long recognised that our greatest versifiers are rarely lyrical, inside a sufficiently compressed compass. The great poet wishes to tell you his life-story in rhymed couplets, but the ballad composer merely demands a lyrical anecdote.*

Par exemple *Tennyson's 'Break, Break, Break!' is admirably suited for musical setting; so is Kingsley's 'When All the World is Young'; and so also are numerous short poems by Robert Browning. Mr. Granville Bantock has set a dozen or more of these, in excellent and inimitable style.*

But a greater poet, Wordsworth—in spite of his undeniable lyrical afflatus —was rarely articulate in concentrated *form !*

Were it not for these sudden geysers of golden thought that well up from the wide sea of Poetry, we might have reason to doubt the philosophic truth behind great verse. A little gem like 'Sigh no more, Ladies,' in the midst of a Shakespeare tragedy, or a soft whisper like 'Sweet and Low,' among the web of a long play by Tennyson, sublimate the heart's hunger for Beauty. The lyric-writer or composer repeats and repeats his effort after Perfection, until something like an 'Absolute Entity' is found. Each new effort is the farther proof of an indomitable desire to 'get there—this *time !'*

James Thomson (the second poet of that name) found out that no creator of beautiful things can live *and* create *at one and the same time. Indulgence in any form of bodily pleasure must imply mental inertia : unless this physical indulgence be the deliberate survival of a 'complex' from the subliminal self.*

Only real hard work, genuine effort to produce something of beauty, can bring all the accumulated knowledge of the subconsciousness into activity. The result is then a work of art :—

'I *too* will something make,
And joy in the making,
Although to-morrow it seem
But the empty words of a dream,
Remember'd on waking!'

In this sense the world of Faëry is not *the world of Unreality that it is popularly supposed to be. The Realm of Faëry is the only* real *world, in an environment that is as unstable as the sands of the Sahara Desert! This tendency of the human mind to seek for a Land where our Dreams come True, should be encouraged at all costs. Who knows but that the imagery of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' has a basis in actual fact? For whatever is possible in the realm of thought is practicable in the realm of actuality. And to-day we have begun to photograph the Little People, and to hold the Sylphs against our very hearts !*

Let us believe that the life of the spirit (*the life of* creation) *is most splendidly expressed by the combined lives of music and verse. Both faculties obey the same laws, because both have no insistent need of verbal detail: both can express themselves emotionally, and will dwell nearer Ideality the nearer they stand to Silence and Suggestion. The* Jazz-Music *of our period is the antithesis of the real world-melody, inasmuch as it has to depend mainly upon noise! The* real *music of the future, shadowed forth in the present in many subtle directions, is to be purely* suggestive and allusive. *It builds so much upon what it suggests that it can dispense with the obvious, and can rely almost wholly on a response from the cultured spiritual ears of the entranced listener.*

I know few words nearer *to this soul-silence than the lyrics of Ernest Dowson. Whether any modern composer has set them I cannot say, but I commend them to our æsthetic creators of simple harmonies:—*

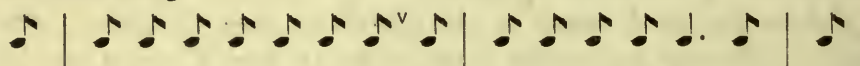
'Exceeding sorrow
Consumeth my sad heart,
Because to-morrow
We must depart—
Now is exceeding sorrow
All my part!
'Give over playing,
Cast thy viol away,
Merely laying
Thy head my way—
Prithee, give over playing
This one day!'

Yet literary fame, in relation to the art of song-writing, might be roughly based on an assertion that not one singer per hundred of Tosti's immortal 'Good Bye' has observed the words to be from the pen of White-Melville, the Australian poet of a few decades ago. And the composer fares almost as badly, outside purely musical circles! For I remember, when Tosti himself died, and when I remarked on the news to an (*unmusical*)

acquaintance, his immediate ejaculation was, 'Dear me, what a great loss! I always thought his novel Resurrection *a very fine piece of work!'*

In the preface to a recent collection of his lyrics Ford Madox Hueffer has some really penetrating remarks to offer upon the subject of writing for music. He protests, quite reasonably, that the instinct is uncontrollable, and that the writing down of ideas hardly appears to him as a matter of 'work.' The result is altogether fortuitous. 'As for knowing whether one or the other is good, bad *or* indifferent, *I simply cannot begin to trust myself to make a selection.'*

He describes how he gets a vague rhythm of some kind. I believe we all *do the same thing.*



There are no words—at first! Presently a single idea presents itself—anything—it may be utter nonsense:—

I blow sweet sounds upon a flute,
For Love is far away;
Te-toot; te-toot; te-toot; te-toot; etc.

The rest follows: and the successful lyric-writer is he (or she—generally she!) who can mould the resultant chaos into Beauty and Form!

I have preferred to mention Hueffer, because many of our most capable composers have found in his lyrics a spontaneity which is conspicuously absent from the poetic output of more cultivated rhymers. For it must be admitted, as a preliminary postulate, that the writing of a lyric is 'the expression of an emotion,' and that 'the writing of verse should not be an over-conscious *art.' Perhaps this is the reason why the works of Walter de la Mare, and those of John Masefield, have such attractions for the composer, and withal remain so excessively hard to set! A rhythm like this, from Masefield—*

'Going by Daly's shanty, I heard the boys within
Dancing the Spanish hornpipe to Driscoll's violin,
I heard the sea-boots shaking the rough planks of the floor,
But I was going westward, I hadn't heart for more'—

may be as easy as Lockton or O'Reilly. But which composer likes to face a complicated rhythm like the following from Walter de la Mare :—

'Far are the shades of Arabia,
Where the Princes ride at noon,
'Mid the verdurous vales and thickets,
Under the ghost of the moon ;
And so dark is that vaulted purple
Flowers in the forest rise,
And toss into blossom 'gainst the phantom stars
Pale in the noonday skies.'

I cannot pretend to understand what the last four lines may mean : but I have many youthful friends, who are quite willing to vouch for both their fascination and their intelligibility ! La jeunesse sait et peut !

There is a 'simplicity' that the composer insistently demands. And I have in mind, as I write these words, an amazingly clever little lyric by Marion Osborne. It has been set by Frank Lambert, under the caption of 'I gave my heart to you.' In this lyric occurs the line—

'With fluttering garments, and with footsteps fleet.'

I think I can safely challenge any one of my travelled readers to scan that phrase, and not to conjure up an instantaneous vision of that world-famous sculpture in the Paris Louvre, known as 'The Wingless Victory.' Who among such travellers does not adore that headless female form, with soft garments billowing to the breeze : a wind that seems to hold the concentrated energy of all Created Life ?

What then is this lyrical gift of picture weaving ? Swinburne had it in such excess that his poems are almost all 'unsettable,' because of their intrinsic beauty of phrase. The music of the written *word is apt to quarrel with the melody of the* singing *word ; and that is one of the main reasons why so much twaddle finds itself into print, with the generous remark, 'May be sung in public without fee or licence.'*

Apropos *of Swinburne, I remember my first exquisite thrill upon hearing*

'Where the red was, lo! the bloodless white,
And where Truth was, the likeness of a liar;
And where day was, the darkness of the night—
This is the end of every man's desire!'

My keen admiration of that verse had so little to do with its meaning *that I had it emblazoned upon my library wall for several years, and never* once *minished my admiration of its wonderful music.*

Then I met a German translation of the poem. The instant result was (a) *disappearance of its beauty,* (b) *revelation of its thought. German is the language of the street; the German poet writes exactly as he would speak; and Swinburne almost inevitably becomes a nightmare in that tongue. For the first time in a decade, I saw that the verse I have quoted was an insult to our common humanity—a lie, a denial of all the intrinsic Beauty of this wonderful world of ours! I repudiated the lines for the false coin that they indubitably are! What! Truth a liar? Beauty a snare? Life a hopeless illusion? Ambition mere Dead Sea fruit?* Jamais!

There can, however, be found the cunning craftsman who is also healthily sure; who has 'faith in love.' As an antidote to Swinburne's decadence let me quote this lilting tribute to an Irish wife—and I feel confident that all my readers will acclaim William Watson's fine verse:—

'Oh, England is a darling,
And Scotland is a dear,
And well I love their faces
At any time of year;
But on a summer's day
My heart went astray,
And I gave it all away
To bonny Ireland!'

This glorious gift of invoking a picture by a few felicitous phrases is the

song-writer's inalienable gift. But it is rarely the absolutely 'professional' worker who has it! Generally it is the gifted amateur. We 'professionals' can console ourselves with the reminder that the muse of Eileen Newton gave the world 'Somewhere a voice is calling.' For sheer magic of atmosphere *it would be hard to beat those eight little lines; Miss Newton has been guilty (as I and others, alas! have ofttimes been guilty!) of sheaves of uninspired verses. The point at issue is that felicities come oftenest when they are* unsought!

We all know, further, how tremendously difficult it is to avoid clumsy images, blurred outlines, uncouth rhymes. I recall my shock of surprise at meeting

'All that you love
Away to *shove*'

among the lyrics of Richard le Gallienne. This was certainly eccentric, from a poet who had delighted the eighteen-nineties with dainty images.

An even more ludicrous lapse of taste appears in a lyric which I revised for a youthful and gifted War Poet:—

'A fog breath'd on the window pane,
And hid the *blinking* stars from sight.'

Now the adjective italicised is perfectly correct, and also artistically appropriate, did we not possess a Gallery Spirit, both in the Music Hall and the Concert Room. The Gallery Spirit would have been convulsed by the word 'blinking,' had it been allowed a place in the texture of the song proposed.

As Mr. Hueffer remarks, apropos *his own occasional infelicities, 'the anæmic shop-girl, with her bad teeth and her cheap black frock, is safer than Isolde. She is more* down to the ground, *and much more touching!' Provided,* cela veut dire, *that the poet has the stark and honest sincerity of a Heinrich Heine or a Paul Verlaine! Take, for example, this im-*

promptu and unfinished translation of Heine's Warum sind denn die Rosen so blass ?—

Why do the pansies gloom
So wan, so pale ?
Where is the roses' bloom—
What do they ail ?

Why is the sun obscur'd
In gloom forlorn ?
What has the earth procur'd—
A joyless morn ?

The larks sad music make
To sullen skies ;
From all around there break
Deep, throbbing sighs.

I wander sad and lone,
I cry to thee :
" Oh, why, my own lov'd one,
Didst thou leave me ? "

It is the simple directness *of this sort of work which makes its appeal. When I once visited Paul Verlaine, in the grimy garret that the great French lyricist occupied at Paris, before his lonely death, I saw upon the table a wonderful little poem in manuscript. It was replete with exquisite fancy. Humorously, the poet pointed to the winter sunshine gleaming upon a half-emptied tumbler of absinthe. 'Behold the gems!' he cried; to a faded pot of mignonette upon the sill: 'Behold the flowers!'; to a tatterdemalion on the pavement below: 'Behold the faun!'*

This is the only genuine poetic attitude toward Reality; and in this intensely Ideal *sense it is infinitely better to be 'vulgar than affected.' But the beauty of poetry is that it* cannot *be vulgar. Lend the true poet your ears, and he will unreservedly give you his heart!*

On the whole, then, I am afraid (and indeed, afraid *is the only really*

appropriate word !) that I have frequently foregone the apt use of the many jewelled joys which I first set out to enumerate, for the benefit of the unenlightened reader. Quite often, in the stringing together of these lyrical pearls—most of them selected from the flotsam of an African beach, beneath a tropical sun ; or found on the palm-shaded reefs of an island lagoon, where from the distance came the sonorous beat of the great Atlantic rollers—I have most stubbornly refused *to cloy my thoughts with what one of our foremost musical journals delights to call ' love-laden words.'*

May I suggest, therefore, in all seriousness to my prospective composer-collaborators, that it might not be very difficult to add, or substitute, a few more *of these apparently-essential ' adjectival substantives ' ?*

That is, needless to say, if they do not already find far too many of these gems abounding in my pages ! I can only state, at this juncture, that I feel somewhat conscience-stricken (perhaps because of an inadequate sense of humour ?) as I protest my belief that the only true literary touchstones are those of sincerity and personality. I venture to state unequivocally, that I am not to be called upon for an assurance that I have taken my task seriously—that I have not been merely ' playing ' with my themes !

In these times it is a daring thing to be natural. It needs even more audacity and self-confidence to be artificial ! Yet I may truthfully state that these flowers have all been culled from special periods of my life, periods that were marked by some *form or other of emotional stress. In sending them forth as they now stand, I am compelling them to carry upon their innocent heads all manner of imperfections. But, whether they be grave or gay, whether they be airy nothings or attempts to solve a few of the age-old problems of our mortality, they are every one of them my children—and I have loved them all as such.*

To that composer who prefers the fullest possible concentration of honey, as apart from literary spontaneity in his musical subject-matter, I can only remark : ' These verses have been, of a set purpose, left FLUID.

They are open to such alteration and improvement as may be found necessary, when the appropriate musical settings shall have been made! In that spirit of willingness to be guided and moulded, I now offer them!'

For reading the proofs of this volume—during my long absence in Nigeria —I am indebted to the friendly interest of Alex. Ward, L.R.A.M., of Glasgow, to whom I am also grateful for several valuable suggestions regarding rhythm and accent. If there has been a genuine poetic loss, in the elimination of unsingable words (ruth, *for example, compelling a tame substitution of fear, or pain, or another equally-open vowel sound*) *my readers must understand the limitations imposed by the vocalist's demand for clarity of sound.*

Mr. Ward has promised to perform a like service for The Seductive Coast—*the volume of more tropical lyrics which is to follow the present one—and I am very pleased to have this opportunity of acknowledging his critical gifts, and the keen interest which he invariably displays in everything artistic and beautiful, whether in verse or in song.*

The composers' names, which occasionally appear throughout the volume, imply that these particular lyrics have been (*while the book was in preparation, and while the lyrics were circulating in manuscript form*) *already reserved. The inclusion of these poems in the volume is entirely without prejudice to their* future *copyright. The musical copyright can ultimately accrue to the various music-publishers, whenever the songs shall be ready for public presentation, by the composers whose names have been mentioned.*

As the Author (*literary organ of the Authors' Society*) *has been pointing out in recent Notes, it is scarcely fair that a publisher should hold a stranglehold upon the copyright of a lyric, if that lyric has not yet met its* deserved *and* adequate *expression in music. Two, or even three settings of the one lyric would be no offence to Reason.*

J. M. S.-Y.

In Nigeria, *March* 3, 1921.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

I

A room near Ardwick Green one time I rented,
In dingy Wootton Street;
Its three-score stairs I used to climb contented,
Because of Youth's glad feet.

At the high window of this lonely attic
I scribbled, morn till night,
Quaint boyish fancies, songs of hope ecstatic,
And lyrics, frail as light.

I mark'd young children in the gutters playing
Till day was overcast,
Or watch'd them, in the dance, with lithe limbs swaying,
Whene'er an organ pass'd.

I own'd a bed, a sugar-box for table,
A dozen books, a chair;
Yet, when I woke each morning, I was able
To breathe a thankful prayer.

My hosts were poor: a toil-worn washerwoman,
A carter, and their brood;
But they were homely, made intensely human
Because they understood!

II

This screed I pen in beauty-drench'd Nigeria,
Beneath the sun's warm glow ;
And Life to-day I know is cleaner, cheerier,
Than twenty years ago !

My desk has liquid glory rippling on it,
Where frangipanni flow'rs
Entrance the air : but, could I in a sonnet
Embalm the golden hours ?

III

Sweet this new life ! Yet, somehow, I am haunted,
Till all my pulses stir,
By dreams of those glad days, when youth undaunted
Could love e'en Manchester—
Dull, murky Manchester !

CONTENTS

		PAGE
With Love and You		1
Ingle and Candlelight		2
The Mountain-side of Dreams	(*May Brahe*)	3
Love's Beautiful Best		4
Until You Came to Me	(*Herbert J. S. Carter*)	5
My Own Margot		6
In My Heart		7
A Happy Thought		8
In Absence		9
The Spinner of Moods		10
Your Loving Breast		11
Golden Eyes		12
Hidden Treasure		13
Far Away and Long Ago		14
Love's Little Haunting Song		15
Bleak Winds	(*Dorothy Forster*)	16
Identification		17
Faëry		18
The Call to Tamelé		19
Comrade o' Mine		20
Dark Days		21
Aspiration		22
Love of My Heart		23
Wonderful and Beautiful		24
Catani's Invocation		25
Love's Magic Garden		26
Love's Gifts		27
Old Red Form in the Ardwick Green		28

PAGE

TRANSFIGURATION 29
COME, PLAY TO ME 30
CHRISTMAS MORNING 31
LOVE'S PLEADING 32
IN DREAMS . . . . (*J. Ord-Hamilton*) . . 33
MA JEWEL 34
LOVE'S PALACE OF DREAMS 35
EACH TO HIS OWN 36
HEART'S-DESIRE 38
STAR-ORBITS . . . . (*Celian Kottaun*) . . 39
THE MOTHER-CALL 40
YOUR LOVE IN EVERYTHING 41
HOW VERY MUCH I LOVE YOU 42
LENGTHENING SHADOWS 43
'KELHAM' 44
DAISIES 45
SLUMBER SEA 46
ENGLISH MAY 47
JUST ONE SMILE 48
LOVE'S HESITATION 49
I READ YOU ON MY KNEES 50
A JOY FOR EVER 51
RENUNCIATION 52
SILVER AND GOLD 53
MA PICKIN' DONE DIE 54
PERFECT BLISS 56
EXULTATION 57
WHO WILLS MUST DARE 58
PAYMENT 59
AN INVITATION 60
FAITHFULNESS 61
GOD 62
HER LOVE IS MINE 63
LOVE AND LUST 64
ECHO AND RESPONSE 65

PAGE

Dreaming of You 66
To Youth and Beauty 67
I Count It Well 68
Rose of Grey 69
'All is Well!' 70
Solace 71
Sun and Moon 72
Murmurs of Life and Death 73
West Africa . . . (*J. M. Stuart-Young*) . . . 74
A Church in the Bush 75
Yearning 76
A Little Song of Thanks 77
Lad's-Love 78
Over the Hill 79
Precious Things . . (*Florence Aylward*) . . . 80
In the Twilight 81
Love's Tides 82
I cannot Tell 83
Little Earthly Things 84
Movement 85
The Lesson of the Roses 86
My Palace of Dreams 87
I Love the Forest 88
The Little White House (*Charles Mortimer*) . . . 90
A Thought 91
In Dreams 92
Gems 93
Poetry and Desire 93
Starry Waters 94
Shining Promise 95
The Dream Child 96
Life's Sunshine and Dance. 97
'Forever' Fancies 98
I Will Return . . . (*Herbert J. S. Carter*) . . 99
Mother, Sleep! 100

PAGE

In Her Sweet Name 101
Love's Canopy 102
Talismans 103
Return 104
Where is the Glory? 105
Behind us Lie How Many Miles 106
Admonition 107
The Beloved 108
June and Joy—and You 109
Lovin' on 110
Rent 111
This Glad Sweet Day 112
A City Sparrow 113
Back to Athlone 114
Solace 115
Who 'd be a Child . . (*Laura Williams*) . . . 116
Compensations 117
Entreaty 118
The Message 119
Where the Swallows fly 120
The Lost Years . . . (*Cecily Kneeshaw*) . . . 121
Whispers 122
By the Fireside 123
At Twilight 124
Common Things 125
The Earthly Paradise 126
Faded Flower of Love 127
Little Boy with the Touzled Head 128
La vie est Vaine 129
Love's Pledge of a Dream come True 130
The Lute of Orpheus 131
Our Secret 132
Love and Death 133
The Golden Song 134
Love in Idleness 135

PAGE
My Lady's Hands 136
The Wind's Tribute 137
White Rose (after Meleager) 137
Our Lost Heaven 138
Love's Palace 139
The Necklet of Crimson Coral 140
By Flowing Waters 141
Old-World Garden of Sunbeams 142
Tropical Solstice 143
Moonlight and Starshine 144
Home You Keep for Me 145
Your Dear Heart 146
Lover's Joy 147
Skylark 148
At Dawn and Dusk 151
Haven of Love in your Breast 152
If Dreams came True 153
Love's Offering . . (*J. M. Stuart-Young*) . . . 154
Fulfilment of Desire 154
Secrets 155
Sea Serenade 156
Sorrows 157
Illusion . . . (*Herbert J. S. Carter*) . . . 158
The Confidant 158
Will You Come Back ? 159
Waking 160
Green Pasture and Firegleam 161
The Coming Years 162
A Song in the Silence 163
Love's Flower—A Little Child 164
How God made You for Me 165
Angel of Starshine . (*J. M. Stuart-Young*) . . . 166
Yours and Mine 167
Love's Vanity 168
Soul of Rejoicing 169

PAGE

Sweet Little Nest of Love 170
Casual Pleasure 171
Although 172
Your Inmost Soul 173
Just One . . . (*J. M. Stuart-Young*) . . . 174
Forgetfulness 175
The One Heart I Love 176
Angel-Caresses 177
Mate of My Hearthstone 178
Land of your Love-lit Eyes 179
Who sails for Arlecan ? 180
Eyes of Love 181
Flower Orchard 182
Poppies and Cornflowers 183
December and May 184
Come Back Again 186
Dear Son o' Mine 187
Roses on the Path 188
Let Life be like a Flower 189
Kingdoms 190
You and Me 191
Love's Miracle 192
Desire 193
My Book 194
Lover's Joy 195
Only one Hour 196
Sometimes 197
Sorrow and Song 198
Lynette 199
By the Waters Blue 200
Sweet Love 201
Reunion 202
Our Home by the Sea-Girt Hill 203
Love's Inner Shrine 204
Grey Eyes of Dreams 205

PAGE

Sweet Seventeen 206
Connemara's Fairy Glen 207
Liosha . . . . (*Claude Sutherland*) . . . 208
Dead Roses 209
Because I Love 210
Childhood Dreams 211
Love's Gifts 212
The Proposal 213
Glory of the World 214
Love wove a Song 215
Golden Journey 216
The Days of Life 217
A Lover's Quest 218
Little Hillside Cottage 219
For Your Sweet Sake . (*Dorothy Forster*) . . . 220
Morning 221
Love's Needs 222
Little Six-Years-Old 223
Home Again 224
Wind and Reed 225
Just You 226
An Island Paradise 227
You Brought Me Roses 228
Sunshine of My World 229
A Little Song of Life 230
By Our Own Fireside 231
Melodies of Wind and Wave 232
Little Night-Face . (*Albert Jowett*) 233
A Song of Music and Beauty 234
Old Desires 235
Kirry, of Mona's Sweet Isle 236
The Blue Sun-Bonnet 237
Fleeting Joys 238
Eyes that Shine for Me 239
London Town 240

PAGE

What Matters To-Morrow 242
Love, the Deathless! 243
Love Turned Adrift 244
Childhood Fancies 245
Smiles 246
From My Balcony at Lagos 247
Marmoset and Maiden 248

WITH LOVE AND YOU

Could I but pray as you pray, sweet,
From fears and doubts apart,
My life with Hope would be replete,
And pure my heart!

Could I but dream as you dream, sweet,
In maiden ecstasy,
I 'd lay my dreams low at your feet,
For all to see!

Could I but love as you love, sweet,
So glad, so fair, so true,
My Heav'n would then be all complete,
With love—with you:
With love and *you*!

INGLE AND CANDLELIGHT

I LINGER in the starshine, I loiter 'neath the moon ;
I pluck the wayside blossoms, I greet the joys of June ;
I hear in ev'ry bird-song the heart-thrill of your voice,
And then I feel your presence that makes my heart rejoice ;
I reach the racing river, and watch the morning skies,
But they can only mirror the love-light in your eyes ;
I hunger for the home-call, the words that bring in sight
Your sweet face in the gloaming, Ingle and Candlelight !

I go down to the city, and you are even there !
Deep surge of noise is round me, harsh clamour ev'rywhere,
Yet in my heart your spirit beats like a glad refrain,
And each keen pulse is quicken'd to throbs of honey'd pain !
Soon, soon I 'll claim your kisses, drink deep your eyes of grey,
And clasp your hands in welcome at sunset of our day.
I 'll answer to the Home-Call ! I 'll haste to claim my right
To Love Dreams in Life's Gloaming : Ingle and Candlelight !

THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE OF DREAMS

When the golden sun is setting through the yellow coppice yonder;
When the first faint stars are rambling, and soft-shedding down their beams,
There 's a mystic road of whiteness that my spirit loves to wander,
As it climbs into the distance, up the Mountain-Side of Dreams.

How I love that Winding Roadway, each swift rise and sudden hollow,
Where the fragrant rose-fill'd hedges dim the eyes with reds and creams;
For one fair form flits before me, and I 'm fain as fain to follow
As she leads me nearer Heaven, up the Mountain-Side of Dreams!

'Tis my Angel, my own Heart's Love, pain and peril lightly scorning;
And 'tis O my happy bosom with deep joy and rapture teems,—
For I follow in her footprints, from cold night to Love's Own Morning,
Fairest Flow'r of my Ideal: up the Mountain-Side of Dreams!

May Brahe.

LOVE'S BEAUTIFUL BEST

I SANG of my love in the sunshine of May,
And the garrulous bird on the sycamore spray
Warbled *his* song to the nest;
Come, sweetheart, the flowers are a-bloom on the lea,
The blossoms are breaking on bramble and tree,
And, all through the odorous Spring we can see
That Love is Earth's beautiful Best!

I sang of my love in the scorching July,
And the ruddy-brow'd sun in a radiant sky
Uplifted his golden-hued crest;
All the clam'rous-tongu'd land was melodious with song—
'O, the world shall be merry, the days shall be long,
For love i' the sunshine is manly and strong—
The Love that 's Earth's beautiful Best!'

I sang of my love in the wane of the year,
And the sheen of the sunset hung luridly drear,
Far down in the lowering West;
Each home seem'd forsaken; each throstle had fled;
All music seem'd hush'd; ev'ry blossom lay dead:
When a voice through the silence and solitude said,
'But Love is Earth's beautiful Best!'

Still warbles my heart in the wind o'er the snow ;
'There is rest after sorrow, and joy after woe,
And love that is *tried* is the Best ! '
O, I care not, though tempest be black in the sky,
Though the sun may be fickle, though frail flowers die,—
A day surely comes when the soul can descry :
'Love, *Love* is Earth's beautiful Best—
Ah, Love is Earth's beautiful Best ! '

UNTIL YOU CAME TO ME

I NEVER knew how sweet is life, until you came to me ;
I never dreamed how clear the sky, how blue the magic sea ;
I did not hear the lark's glad song, nor see the Spring aflame,
I did not bless the perfumed flow'rs, until, until you came !

O voice that sings alone for me : O eyes that softly shine :
Lead onward to Life's topmost peaks, until I call you mine :
Tell me of dreams that all come true, whatever may befall,
Lead me from darkness unto light, where Love is lord of all !

Herbert J. S. Carter.

MY OWN MARGOT

I ALWAYS know with *my* Margot,
Margot so shy and fair;
And in our cot existeth not
A joy we do not share.
'Twas God and Love Who made her,
That I might do and dare;
And ne'er have I betray'd her,
Or caus'd her one small care—
For I always know with my Margot,
Margot of the golden hair!

I always know with *my* Margot,
Margot so clean and neat;
And in my heart she has a part
That Space nor Time may cheat;
She craves nor silk nor laces:
Her beauty is complete,
For very dear her face is,
With love and joy made sweet—
So I always know with my Margot,
Margot of the dancing feet!

I always know with *my* Margot;
She is love's peerless prize;
And while I live my soul shall give
That love a richer guise.

My flow'r that blooms for ever—
My constant new surprise—
My friend that changeth never—
My angel of the skies :
For I always know with *my* Margot,
Margot of the love-lit eyes !

IN MY HEART

At the gate of the garden of my lonely heart
Stands a grumpy old warden, whose task is to part
The stranger, the lover ; the friend and the foe ;
But to each laughing rover he never says *No* :
He never, ah ! never says *No* !

From the beds of my garden, at all kinds of hours,
Friends may filch, with full pardon, my choicest of flow'rs ;
But one of my roses I guard to the end,
'Tis the pick of my posies, just *you*, little friend—
It is *you*, little friend—just *you* !

A HAPPY THOUGHT

A HAPPY, happy thought!
I 'll sing a song, and let it tell of beauty:
Of all the wonders of this world of ours,—
Show human hearts that dreaming is but duty,
When golden hours
Are full of flow'rs;
And life is sweet, when gladness is most sought!

A happy, happy thought!
I 'll sing one strain, and let its cadence tender
Thrill noble hearts to clear this world of strife;
Teach men in glad surprise a newer splendour
In Love and Life—
Till souls are rife
For Peace that *can* be found, if only sought!
Go, happy, happy thought!

IN ABSENCE

I KNOW a little, little town,
Where little men go up and down,
And O my heart is sad to-day,
Because I 'm far as far away
From that little, little town!

I know a bonny, bonny lass,
Whose eyes are pools where day-dreams pass,
And O my heart is sad and sore,
Because I ne'er may see her more—
My bonny, bonny lass!

O little town, O bonny lass,
The lonely years creep on and pass;
And O what little, little things
To stab the soul with sorrow's stings!
My little town, my bonny lass,
My bonny, bonny lass!

THE SPINNER OF MOODS

I TURN my wheel, my whirring wheel,—
'Hush, hush, my heart, 'tis the wind from the sea!'—
I broider my moods; yet I dare not feel
The pain of the sorrows that drift to me!

My room is lonely; a flick'ring flame
('Did you whisper a name as I broke the thread?')
Is thrown by the fire on my fancy-frame . . .
And the latch lifts up—and the Dead are dead!

Screech and scream! How man's blood runs hot,
While the waves are strawing life's shore with wrack;
—But I sit and loosen my tangled knot,
And I listen, at peace, to the howl and crack!

Shifting pattern,—this world's mad dream!
'Oh, my weaving and dreaming bring happiness!'
For tangible things are the things that seem,
And no soul may know, only dimly guess!

The vast night broods, alive with stars,
Below is the seething world's unrest;
And I need not pass from my prison bars,
Where I wind and weave with a soul repress'd!

YOUR LOVING BREAST

The owls flit by, in the tender twilight;
I walk through the starlit vale;
And think of the days, now long, long vanished,
When you told Love's old sweet tale;
The years seem wide since you held me to you;
Since you scarce would let me go;
Come back, dear heart, of my dreams enchanting,
Because I need you so—
I need, I need you so!

I know no place where the birds' glad voices
Sing not your belovéd name;
I dream no dream that the soul rejoices
But *you* dwell there, the same!
Come back, come back, through this night of starshine,
Or ever I seek my rest;
I know no place; I shall know no Heaven
But your sweet, soft, loving breast,
Your loving, loving breast!

GOLDEN EYES

The church-bells are ringing, the children are singing,
'Tis morn under magical skies ;
I wander the meadow, 'mid sunshine and shadow,
And dream of your wonderful eyes ;
O sun of this beautiful, wonderful world
You tell me of Eyes, where Love's flag is unfurl'd !

Your golden eyes of glad surprise
Just haunt me wherever I go ;
They are tender and true ; they are windows of you,
And you love me forever, I know !
'Tis spring of the year, and I would you were near—
Your namesake shines bright in the skies :
'Mid sunlight and dew,
O, I 'm dreaming of you,
My Golden, my Golden Eyes !

I 'm lonely, so lonely ; I long for you only,
O, hasten to join me again !
Come spend the glad hours 'mid the fields and the flow'rs,
While Light and Love's Glamour remain :
Come, meet me, ah, meet me, while sun shines above
As Emblem and pledge of your wonderful love !

Your golden eyes of glad surprise
Just haunt me wherever I go;
They are tender and true; they are windows of you,
And you love me forever, I know!
'Tis spring of the year, and I would you were near—
Your namesake shines bright in the skies:
'Mid sunlight and dew,
O, I 'm dreaming of you,
My Golden, my Golden Eyes!

HIDDEN TREASURE

The richest treasures earth enslaves
Are open but to earnest men;
As shells are cast up by the waves,
While pearls sink deep beyond our ken!

FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO

I WOULD I had a child's glad mind
To ceil my little room
With stars a-dance in the summer wind,
And wee fairies in the gloom :
For little folk are the cheerful folk,
All magical together—
While the older folk are the futile folk,
Who bother about the weather !

I would I had a child's fair soul,
To dance through the meadow-land,
With eyes that see : sane, clean, and whole,
Fair flow'rs on my ev'ry hand :
For little folk are the friendly folk,
Knowing naught of pain or passion—
While the older folk are the foolish folk,
Who talk of the Arts and Fashion !

I would I had a child's sure faith
In God and in Beauty's thrall—
A confidence deep in both Life and Death,
And in Love, who rules o'er all :
For little folk are the fearless folk,
Who are never tired of daring—
While we older folk are the colder folk,
Who have lost the charm of *caring* !

LOVE'S LITTLE HAUNTING SONG

If I might curb these little ivory keys,
I 'd tell my darling all my heart's desires ;
I 'd thrill her soul to love's sweet ecstasies,
In one glad message from melodious wires—
Love's little haunting song !

No rose has fragrance like her dewy lips ;
No bird has music like her gentle voice ;
O touch these ivories with soft finger-tips,
And tell her maiden-heart how men rejoice—
Love's little haunting song !

Go, sweet, sweet song ! Console her lonely hours !
O tender chords, on which my fingers hover :
Repeat the golden mem'ries that are ours,
And ours alone : *I love her, O I love her*—
How very much I love her !
Love's little haunting song !

BLEAK WINDS

Bleak winds against a sullen sky,
Drip of a tedious rain ;
Heart-gnawing thoughts of days gone by,
And lonely nights again !

Sweet-scented nights and purple days
Hast'ning to happy ends ;
A heart that sings, a soul that prays,
And Love that Life befriends !

Dorothy Forster.

IDENTIFICATION

Could I but rob my dear one's charms,
A thief I 'd stand confess'd,
To steal the warmth of her white arms,
The love-beat in her breast ;
To filch the faith in her clear eyes,
The laughter on her lips ;
The glowing Youth, without disguise,
That Time so slowly sips—
And still my sin would be confin'd,
For I should leave more wealth behind !

The love-dawn in her blushing face,
The perfume of her breath ;
The pride, the purity, the grace
That lend a gage to Death ;
The voice that lilts at morning hour,
And fills the list'ning air ;
The unimagin'd starry power
That proves our Love dwells there,
Though criminal, I 'd still be free,
For I am her ; and she is me !

FAËRY

Forgetful of all around you, when the sunset skies are red,
You lie, where your dreams have bound you, one hand beneath your head;
Reading a volume of *Faëry*, your thoughts many miles away;
And I that kneel down beside you have not one word to say!

O, take me away to Dreamland,
To the haunts of the rose and the dew,
Where Love's joy-bells ring, and the sweet birds sing,
O, take me away with you!

Could I but share the pleasure, that lives in your dream-lit eyes,
Our love would blossom at leisure, in a new-found Paradise;
Come back from the Land of Faëry, or act as my willing guide,
And lead me where day-dreams linger, on that mystic mountain side!

O, take me away to Dreamland,
To the haunts of the rose and the dew,
Where Love's joy-bells ring, and the sweet birds sing,
O, take me away with you!
Away! Away, with you!

THE CALL TO TAMELÉ

I KNOW a town across the sea,
On a long white road in Africa,
Where Nature's lavish greenery
Is sweet for aching eyes to see;
And O, but it calls me ceaselessly,
On that long white road in Africa!
O Tamelé, sweet Tamelé,
In the land of the palm and the skies of gold,
Where life is sincere and honest and bold,
And the days hold pleasures manifold—
O Tamelé, sweet Tamelé—
I 'll get me gone to Tamelé!

Green pigeons flash from tree to tree,
On this long white road in Africa!
And tiny mocking-birds in glee,
Waltz, making rainbow filigree:
'Tis a world of Love for you and for me,
On that long white road in Africa!
O Tamelé, sweet Tamelé,
In the land of the palm and the skies of gold,
Where life is sincere and honest and bold,
And the days hold pleasures manifold—
O Tamelé, sweet Tamelé—
I 'll get me gone to Tamelé:
To my Garden of Dreams in Tamelé!

COMRADE O' MINE

A SUNNY sky over sunnier sea,
And a great green wave that slouches in,
While we sit on the beach—only you and me—
And, around us, the others make noise and din ;
On the far horizon the gleam of a sail,
Which flames into gold on the ocean's blue,
While above us the clouds show purple or pale,
As the gulls speed past our enchanted view !

Will you ever forget,
Can you ever regret ?
In the years that will gloom or shine,
How our hearts beat as one,
In the days that are gone,
Old comrade, comrade o' mine ?

The harvest field, in which reapers shout,
While far on the hill the farm-horses run :
The gleam of the scythes, and round about
The languorous heat of an August sun ;
Then, under the hedge, the smile of a rose,
And lunch in the shade of a leafy lime :
Of every Eden that Cupid knows
Had men ever an equal on earth or in time ?

Will you ever forget,
Can you ever regret ?
In the years that will gloom or shine,
How our hearts beat as one,
In the days that are gone,
Old comrade, comrade o' mine ?

DARK DAYS

Come to me, dear, when the days are dark,
When life's roses lie hidden beneath the snow ;
Teach me your faith in the winter stark—
Your faith in the Long Ago !

Speak to me, dear, in the long dark night,
When our lamps are lit, and the day seems far ;
Teach me your trust in Love's marvellous might—
Your trust in Love's Morning Star !

Cling to me, dear, when we hear the Call,
The challenge that comes from God's Sentry—Death ;
When our Past is foregone, and the Unknown all,
When Love seems over—and Death's terrors appal,
Kiss me to Birth from Death !

ASPIRATION

From the sun's red golden rays,
When the first glad morning shone,
God made the glow of a Woman's Love
The essential gold all things else above,
O may the love in her true heart be framed within mine own!

From the blue of the evening sky,
From the clouds, and the western wind,
God made—while the world lay lock'd in sleep—
A woman's honour, devoted, deep—
O may her simple honesty be echoed in my mind!

From the fragrance of the flowers,
When the Spring was sane and whole,
God made a perfume, rich and rare,
The cleansing breath of a woman's prayer—
O may her glorious purity be mirror'd in my soul!

LOVE OF MY HEART

The love of my heart I lay low at your feet—
I have no great fortune to cast,
I pledge you my dreams, with their message so sweet
Of a love that will live to the last.
'Tis Spring of the year : will you bid me to stay,
Or will you entreat me to go ?
The love of my heart, I have brought you to-day,
Because
I love you—I love you so !

The joy of my soul I dare offer to you—
'Tis radiant with rapture and love ;
Will you give me the right, eternal and true,
To claim you, all others above ?
'Tis noon of the day : the sweet lark 's in the sky,
And God 's in His Heav'n I know :
The joy of my soul will you take or deny,
Because
I love you—I love you so !

WONDERFUL AND BEAUTIFUL

Come, pleasure with me in this glorious Life :
Its glow and its glamour, its sorrow and strife ;
Its wonderful flow'rs, and its beautiful spoil,
Its prayers and its problems, its tears and its toil,
O this wonderful, beautiful Life !

And share my deep joy in this wonderful world,
With the beautiful waters about it encurl'd ;
With birds, beasts, and men on its bosom so bright,
And magical stars in its temples at night,
O this beautiful, magical world !

And will you not thrill to the wonderful glow
From passionate hearts that ebbs but to flow ?
When life is in tune, and the wonderful skies
Are mirror'd in glory from ' some one's ' clear eyes—
O Love's beautiful, magical glow !

This world may be great, and its creatures but small,
But Love is the ruler and monarch of all ;
And the roses that garland heav'n's beautiful gate
Shall bless with their beauty all mortals who wait—
O God's wonderful, beautiful Love !

CATANI'S INVOCATION

And will you not come back again ? *Nigeria has no snows,*
But the glad, clean light, in the starry night, of the red and regal rose !

Though soft as rain is your sad refrain ; though mem'ry haunts the mind,
The old peaceful days of love and praise are far and far behind !

And will you not come back again ? *Fruit-full is the orchard-close,*
In this tropic land, where on ev'ry hand, the wealth of Nature shows !

No ! No ! For my song would all go wrong ; I may never, never find
The friends I knew, with fond hearts and true, in the land I left behind !

And will you not come back again ? *The fierce tornado blows ;*
All, all too soon, from night to noon, each stealthy season grows !

No ! I ne'er may see the rich revelry of Catani's happier shore,
Nor feel again the sad, sweet pain I knew in the days of yore !

And will you not come back again ? *The weird, wild orchid knows*
Her perfum'd sleep in the forests deep, where the rapid river flows !

No ! A vain regret must haunt me yet ; you call, but you call in vain
To him who hears with scalding tears, and may never come back again !

LOVE'S MAGIC GARDEN

I WAIT in love's magic garden,
When the moon-white air is cool;
When the south-wind wakes each perfume,
As it ripples o'er the pool;
And I know, while the lily watches,
And the rose sinks to rest divine,
I shall meet with my love in the silence,
When the stars begin to shine!
Moonlight and starshine in April skies;
Springtime and gladness in your dear eyes:
Love's stars are gleaming, constant and true;
Here I am waiting—for love and you!

I go to love's magic garden,
When the world is harsh and cold;
When friendly hands forsake me,
And my heart seems tired and old;
For I know two fond lips are waiting,
Two sweet eyes that with lovelight shine:
A dear comrade to share the night-watches,
And a soul for ever mine!
Moonlight and starshine in April skies;
Springtime and gladness in your dear eyes:
Love's stars are gleaming, constant and true;
Here I am waiting—for love and you,—
Waiting: waiting:
Waiting for love and you!

LOVE'S GIFTS

I PLUCK'D this rose, love's crimson flow'r, for you—
One perfect bud, emblem of chastity :
Blest by the stars, and bathed in sweetest dew !
Lend it your lips ; then . . . send it back to me !

I made this song, at meeting of our ways,
To prove our love is heav'n's fair gift divine ;
Sing it with joy : its notes are full of praise
Of one, whose heart is mine, and only mine !

I made my song ; I pluck'd my rose of dew ;
(One sweet to hear, the other sweet to see !)
Take then, as proof of all I am to you ;
Make both your own ; but, . . . give them back to me !

OLD RED FORM IN THE ARDWICK GREEN

When to home I stir, 'tis old Manchester
That keeps my heart in thrall :
Chimneys stark and spare, giant walls and bare,
In the foggy gloom of our autumn air ;
But I love them one, yea I love them all :
And dearest spot in the world I ween,
Is one old red form in the Ardwick Green—
Quaint little Ardwick Green !

Ah ! I could not know in the Long Ago,
A schoolboy slim and shy,
How this old-world form would survive to throw
On my hungry heart such a fervid glow
From the days gone by, happy days gone by :
Scarr'd by childish hands in Youth's mischief keen,
That old red form in the Ardwick Green—
Quaint little Ardwick Green !

For two-score years, in the rain and sun,
It has watch'd slum-children play :
It has heard begun, when each day was done,
When the game was gone, and an end to fun,
The deep bell's sway : buoyant, brisk, and gay—
'Tis a symbol clean of Life's Might-Have-Been,
That old red form in the Ardwick Green—
Quaint little Ardwick Green !

So when Home I stir, 'tis old Manchester
That claims me still her child—
Holding dreams so rare in the murky air,
Magic fields of hope that are rich and rare,
Sweet and undefil'd, sweet and undefil'd . . .
When Time's shafts are keen, let me find Love's sheen
On that old red form in the Ardwick Green—
Quaint little Ardwick Green !

TRANSFIGURATION

WITHIN the bosom of the Poet press'd
Dry, scentless leaves find shelter and a rest ;
Then, as the warm blood through his body flows,
They rise to Beauty in a New-Born Rose !

COME, PLAY TO ME

Play me old melodies !
With gentle fingers, low sad music make,
And bid my childhood's dreams once more awake—
Let me lean o'er you, for dear mem'ry's sake,
And play to me—old melodies !

How solemn-sweet that voice from far away,
Telling our hearts of joys too sweet to stay :
Stars in our love-sky, morn of marriage day—
Ah ! play to me—old melodies !

Our fields were green ; deep blue was each wave's crest ;
Love's dawn, a rose, we gather'd to our breast ;
And night, star-deck'd, but spake to call us blest—
Play, play to me—old melodies !

Sing on, true heart, sing on 'mid dusk and dew :
You love me yet—I love you, through and through :
God's rule is love : for He has giv'n me you !
Ah ! Play to me—old melodies—
Play me old melodies !

CHRISTMAS MORNING

'Tis Christmas morn : exuberant greetings run
From mouth to mouth, and ev'rywhere I see
The happy smile of eager gaiety.
The Old is New : another year has won
Its crown of white, and 'neath the winter sun
This frost-clad earth seems waiting for the key
That opens wide the flood-gates of life's sea,
And fills the soul with love when day is done !

Religion !—studied, criticised, discussed,
Still as the years roll on we own thy might ;
With psalms of gladness, and with songs of trust,
Each Christmas Eve, we hail thy Natal Star :
We chant thy praises through the gleaming night,
And worship at thy Shrine of Love afar !

LOVE'S PLEADING

But look into mine eyes,
And heart to brain will tell
Hope's message true and wise—
All shall be well!

Make, for your jewell'd song,
A casket of mine ear;
I shall be proud and strong,
And banish fear!

Breathe, from your fragrant lips,
One word of love confess'd,—
Backward the long night slips
To perfum'd rest!

Lay your dear hands in mine,
Straightway the creeping hours
With sudden glory shine,
For Love is ours,
Sweet Love is ours!

IN DREAMS

(SUGGESTED BY HEINE)

I SLEPT. And in my sleep I cried :
I dream'd, dear heart, that you were dead.
I woke. And both my cheeks were wet
With tears my soul had shed !

I slept. And in my sleep I cried :
I dream'd that you were false to me.
I woke. And many weary hours
I still wept bitterly !

I slept. And in my sleep I cried :
Love, you were true, *true* in my dream.
I woke. And even now the tears,
The bitter tears still stream !

J. Ord-Hamilton.

MA JEWEL

(WEST AFRICAN DIALECT)

Ah lubs ma Lub wit' all ma heart,
Tho' brain on heart mak's duel;
Ah keeps her in a place apart,
'Cos she 's a Jewel!

Her ruby lips, her teet' ob pearl
Are sort ob Nature's fuel;
There 's Gold ob Ophir in dat girl,
An' she 's a Jewel!

She 's sweet as salt, she 's mild as milk,
(Ah talks like Pantagruel!)
Her skin is moughty soft, like silk,
Yes, she 's a Jewel!

Ah lubs ma Lub beyond control,
Ah doesn't know she 's cruel:
For O her treasure 's in her soul—
She *is* ma Jewel!

LOVE'S PALACE OF DREAMS

I HAVE built for my darling a Palace of Dreams,
With hedgerows of Hope, round a Garden of Sighs;
Each flow'r I have fashion'd from joy in her eyes;
And t'ward this fair Palace my love ever beams!

My own outer world has its shadow and tears,
Its sorrows that drift from Life's sinister sea,
Yet little care I, while her Palace is free
From tangle and fret, and the surging of fears!

My work and her dreams shall be never the same—
For *her* a Cloud Palace, but labour for *me*!
Her white soul 's in my keeping, eternally—
And her Palace (and *mine*) is known by one name:
The name of *Love's Palace of Dreams.*

EACH TO HIS OWN

Why should we sing, when countless men before us
Have hymn'd the wonders of this world of ours ?
When day is done, and starry night looms o'er us,
Why covet still the glory of the flow'rs !
Did we live on till stars and suns commingle,
Were we immortal, could we *then* adorn
The sunset skies, or could we add one single
Heart-breaking note to lark's glad song at morn ?

O, the sun to the sea ;
And the bee to the clover ;
The wind to the tree ;
And the maid to her lover ;
While deep in Love's mystical call !
The rain to the meadow,
The trout to the stream ;
The cloud to the shadow ;
And Man to his Dream ;
While God is the Maker of all !

Why seek to fashion through long months of striving
One silver song to soothe life's sudden close ?
Only the Dead have found the art of living :
To them, alone, the secret that God knows !

Why limn the tree, its fruit a golden glory ?
Why love the earth, the sea, the stars above ?
Because Man lives by Dreams ! Because Life's story
Is only learned when men endure—and *love !*

O, the sun to the sea ;
And the bee to the clover ;
The wind to the tree ;
And the maid to her lover ;
While deep in Love's mystical call !
The rain to the meadow ;
The trout to the stream ;
The cloud to the shadow ;
And Man to his Dream ;
While God is the Maker of all !

HEART'S-DESIRE

Let me know the golden hills,
When Spring walks are shady—
See the yellow daffodils,
Blooming there already ;
Give me long and twilit eves,
One star, serenely shining ;
Winds that whisper through the leaves,
And her hands entwining,
In mine own entwining !

Or when autumn winds are cold,
Changing grief for laughter,
Heralding long weeks of cold,
Deep drifts of snow thereafter,
Give me then an ingle-nook,
One little roof above me :
Her hands, her voice, her tender look,
And her lips to love me,
Her sweet red lips to love me !

STAR-ORBITS

Two stars, in God's mystical blue abyss,
So close together they seem'd to kiss,
Once dream'd a dream : to shine alway
With the *one* eternal unchanging ray !

But stars are stars in the midnight skies,
And follow their separate destinies ;
So each dreamer circles, as desolate,
As ever it was, at Heav'n's pearly gate !

Soul of my soul, *we* are woman and man,
And, for us, Love made a different plan !
The stars, in their orbits, move far apart,
But we can cling, beating heart on heart—
Warm heart on warm beating heart !

Celian Kottaun.

THE MOTHER-CALL

A HILLSIDE, cool and grey,
Where—at day's earliest dawn—
A mother speeds to pray
With face in anguish drawn ;
Her trembling hands upbear,
Toward the watching skies,
The gown her child would wear
In rapture and surprise.

Now he is dead, her Sweet
Has run away to God,
And she, his errant feet
Calls back to paths they trod.
Her mother-heart is sore
Surmising *where* he 's fled :
How coax him back once more
To fill his tiny bed ?

' Come home, my wand'ring child,
And dance upon the shore ! '
She seeks the soul, gone wild,
Invokes it back once more :
' O naughty one, grown bold,
Here is your gown of blue ;
Come home again ! Behold,
Mother is calling you ! '

YOUR LOVE IN EVERYTHING

SWEETHEART, do not sorrow for my loneliness;
Every little blossom carries power to bless:
Once the world seemed empty, when you were not there—
Now our troth is plighted, life is one sweet prayer!

Life seemed sad and lonely, when you went away!
Now I find red roses, roses on my way;
Clearest stars are shining, sweet birds gladly sing,
Dearest, I am finding your love in everything!

To your room I wander when the twilight falls;
When the moon has risen, and the last bird calls:
There I feel your presence, like a glad refrain,
Beautiful and healing, with me once again.

Life seemed sad and lonely, when you went away:
Now I find red roses, roses on my way;
Clearest stars are shining, sweet birds gladly sing,
Dearest, I am finding your love in everything!

HOW VERY MUCH I LOVE YOU

You were a Rose
    Of beauty's sweet surrender;
You were a Song,
    With message true and tender;
You were a Dream,
    Each dreary dawn's defender;
You were a Star
    To light my way with splendour!

My Dream, my Rose,
    With glory all about you,
My Song, my Star,
    How can I live without you?
Though long the night
    Love's silver lamps above you
Tell by their light
    How very much I love you!

LENGTHENING SHADOWS

The birds in the garden are singing
Good-bye to the drowsing stream,
Where you and I, as the years speed by,
Prolong our Childhood's Dream.
Now the fires of the autumn weather
Burn the leaves to russet and brown,
But our shadows shall lengthen together
As the sun goes down!

Once the dew of the dawn was around us;
And the eastern skies blush'd red;
Then the sun rode high in the summer sky;
And we linger'd where roses bled;
But our road through wildwood and heather
Has met with its gift and its crown—
For our shadows shall lengthen *together*
As the sun goes down,
As the sun goes down!

' KELHAM '

We don't care much—when the sunshine glows
On the throng'd highway—for a country rose :
When the house is snug, and the hearth glows bright,
We give no thought to the bleak, black night :
But a time *must* come when the soul droops down,
When the eyes grow tired of the scurried town—
And 'tis then I know *just* the spot for you,
On the Walpole Road, near the sea so blue :
'Tis ' Kelham,' at Boscombe,
In Hants, dear old England !

There 's a garden sweet, and a chance to dream
'Mid the pine-pure air, with earth's flowers a-gleam ;
There 's a cheerful host, with a charming wife :
(Ev'ry time she laughs 'tis a lease of life !)
And a gen'rous table—I know it well,
For I 've oft replied to its dinner-bell !—
So I 'm sure I know *just* the home for you,
On the Walpole Road, near the sea so blue :
'Tis ' Kelham,' at Boscombe,
In Hants, dear old England !

Now it seems to me—and I 'm far away !—
That I 'd love to loiter *ev'ry* day,
With my dreams to dream, and my songs to weave :
Just loafing around, where no troubles grieve,
And I doubt if I 'd find a happier place,
Where life is a song, and where love is a grace,
Than the dear little spot I have shown to you,
On the Walpole Road, near the sea so blue :
Just ' Kelham,' at Boscombe,
In Hants, dear old England !

DAISIES

I KNOW where daisies dance beside the sea,
Wearing, 'neath their tunics white, hearts of golden hue ;
And when I see them every pulse is free
To bless the happy day
I first met you !

I know the daisies, brave and sweet and true,
Dancing in May sunshine, love the splendid sea ;
So, when you see them, pluck just one or two,
Kiss their snowy petals
And think of me !

SLUMBER SEA

SLUMBER, my babe, while the evening star
Gleams with its cold clear light;
Over the hills and the valleys afar,
Droops the dim mantle of night.
Long you 've been playing,
Chattering, straying,
Make no delaying:
Over the river in sweet fairy-car,
Travel along to the Poppyland far!
Ah! Ah!
Softly and slow,
Soon you will go,
Through the night's flowery lea!
Hush thee, my baby,
Rest thee, my baby,
Angels are guiding thee
Safely to Slumber Sea!

Rest thee, my babe, for the cloudless west
Blushes *good-night* to the sun;
Gently over the waves' bright crest
Glide fishing boats, one by one!
Weary of trawling,
Rowing and hauling;
Slumber is calling:

While birdies are safe in their leafy nest,
Merrily sail to the Golden West!
Ah! Ah!
Softly and slow,
Soon you shall go,
Through the night's flowery lea!
Hush thee, my baby,
Rest thee, my baby,
Angels are guiding thee
Safely to Slumber Sea,
. . . To Slumber Sea!

ENGLISH MAY

Who regrets our English May—
All the violets she scatter'd?
Bah! What *is* a Springtime day?
Who regrets our English May?
Here 's meridian sunshine: yea . . .
Just if the country matter'd!
Who regrets our English May,
And the violets she scatter'd?

JUST ONE SMILE

Raise just one smile, though tears your heart be shedding,
Though birds are mute, and fled the one dear face;
Raise just one smile, life's thorny pathway treading—
Beyond the clouds, God's sun illumines space!

Raise just one smile, when all your hopes lie broken,
When on your day descends the blackest night;
Raise just one smile, when evil things are spoken,
And ev'ry word, yea, ev'ry word seems right!

Raise just one smile: Heav'n knows your weary waiting;
God rules in love, where bliss is pain withdrawn;
Raise just one smile, your courage ne'er abating—
Without a night, ne'er yet did break the dawn!

LOVE'S HESITATION

The heat still throbb'd ; and nine o'clock had shown
Her lying listlessly beneath a tree,
For slumber fain. And I conceiv'd that she
Would wish to spend this naked night alone.
My pulses ached, because her fretful tone
Reflected discontent at what *might* be . . .
We parted on the stairs—and now the sea
Moaned out a heart-dirge that I knew mine own !

But when the bells had chimed the midnight hour
I heard her timid tapping. White and sweet
She came to me on shining quiet feet.
Her sweet breath fanned my face ; and to the bower
Of love she crept . . . Lips mixed with thrilling power ;
And we lay listening to the tide's warm beat.

I READ YOU ON MY KNEES

Et je vous lis à genoux, dearest one !
For you are beautiful as autumn trees,
Or rippling lights of summer on the leas,
And gentle as the air when day is done.
Your voice is sweeter than the lark's, when run
His notes adown the azure. And the bees,
On thistle-down that trembles in the breeze,
Would find your cheek more fragrant 'neath the sun !

Your tender eyes are stars that shyly break
Through veils of darkness under ivory brows.
One wistful glance compels from me the vows
Of fealty and of love. I may not take
Amiss these charms that keep my brain awake,
Or, in the night, ecstatic dreams arouse !

A JOY FOR EVER

Joy in the skies above me,
God's radiant skies of blue,
Because I know you love me,
And I love you !

Peace in the fields around me,
Red roses, wet with dew,
Because your warm heart found me,
And I found you !

Lips that are ripe for kisses,
Dreams that have all come true ;
No rapture sweet as this is,
When I kiss you !

Hope round, below, above me,
Joy in God's skies of blue,
And all because you love me,
And I love you !

RENUNCIATION

Should we have lov'd, had we but known
That Love would go, to come no more ?
I cannot tell ! I yearn alone,
And sob before Life's curtain'd door.
Since you are gone my joys are few,
Slowly each day to darkness slips ;
And my arms ache for want of you—
Ah, sweet, your lips upon my lips !

Oft in Dreamland I will turn,
And outfling my hungry arms ;
On my couch awake to learn
How 'tis vacant of your charms.
Then I hear your tender call,
And my life less empty seems ;
For our lives are link'd together,
When we meet in the Land of Dreams !

Entreat for me at Mem'ry's call,
E'en as I pray, where'er you be,
In rosy paths your feet may fall,
In fair, soft paths—Love, pity me !
My soul's great needs are all denied
By cruel miles that hold apart :
I watch the white road, weary-eyed—
Ah, sweet, your heart upon my heart !

Oft in Dreamland I will turn,
And outfling my hungry arms ;
On my couch awake to learn
How 'tis vacant of your charms.
Then I hear your tender call,
And my life less empty seems ;
For our lives are link'd together,
When we meet in the Land of Dreams !

SILVER AND GOLD

'Tis said that the nightingale's voice is gold,
While of silver the lark made its choice ;
But give, give to me, when the world grows cold,
Gold in your tender voice !

'Tis said that the rose has a heart of gold,
While the lily's is silver and dew ;
But give, give to me, when the tale is told,
Gold in the heart of you !

'Tis said that the sea loves the golden sun,
To moon-silver the little lake veers ;
But give, give to me, when Life's Day is done,
Silver and Gold of your tears !

MA PICKIN' DONE DIE

Ma pickin' done die—
Dear Lord God a' mercy !
Ma souls needs to cry :
Dear Lord, grant me mercy !
O, what shall I do ?
An' where shall I go ?
So gay an' so cunnin', so chubby an' black,
Orter go to de market, wrapp'd close to ma back :
But, where is dat pickin' ?
Dat fat li'l' pickin' ?
He 's jest gone and fled me
For Heaven's Gates o' Pearl,
An' O but 'tis med me
Feel tired ob de worl',
Dis weary an' dreary ol' worl' !

Ma pickin' done die—
Lord God *do* a' mercy !
Ma soul needs to cry :
Lord God, grant me mercy !
O, what shall I do ?
An' where shall I go ?
The sea has no message for me any more,
Ma baby 's gone run to de far Golden Shore :

O, where is dat pickin',
Dat chubby, small pickin' ?
He 's jest run an' fled me
To Heaven's Gates o' Pearl,
An' O but it 's med me
Feel tired ob de worl',
Dis weary an' dreary ol' worl' !

Ma pickin' done die—
O Lord God a' mercy !
Ma heart wants to cry :
O Lord God a' mercy !
O, what shall I do ?
An' where shall I go ?
The sun 's ceased from shinin' in skies sudden cold,
An' birds have stopp'd singing in forests gone old—
For ma pickin' 's gone fled me
To Heaven's Gates o' Pearl ;
An' O but it 's med me
Feel tired ob de worl',
Dis weary an' dreary ol' worl' !

PERFECT BLISS

'Tis not because her voice is kind,
And sweetness fills her face;
Or that her fondness makes her blind
To others' lack of grace;
But in her heart she keeps for me
One sacred shrine of love,
And there I find felicity
All other shrines above.

'Tis not because her pure white soul
Is imaged from her eyes:
And all who suffer she makes whole
By Love's sweet alchemies;
But, while she plays her woman's part,
One secret joy I see—
That throne of love, her golden heart,
Is consecrate to me!

EXULTATION

Sing, bonny lark!
The morning sun is gleaming;
Sing, while the moments mark
How Nature wakes to hark,
Her fleecy baby clouds astir;
Tell her—tell her—tell her—tell her—
My heart of her is dreaming!

Sing, happy thrush!
While skies are gold above her;
Sing, through the noonday hush,
Sing, to the brake and brush,
And tell my darling in your song,
Day long—day long—day long—day long—
How very much I love her!

Each glad, sweet bird!
Sing, till the whole world 's ringing;
In ev'ry liquid word,
That hope or joy has heard,
Reveal the magic of her name,
Proclaim—proclaim—proclaim—proclaim—
My soul of her is singing!

WHO WILLS MUST DARE!

'*Bon soir, m'sieu'!* A friend to-night?'
Honey'd whispers: I hear them still
In London town, when the night grows chill;
By square or park, in shade or light—
Forms of women, too gaudily fair:
Carmined lips and henna'd hair:
Flashing teeth, bright eyes that dare:
Loit'ring feet—now here—now there!
The oldest 'Game' our nature knows:
Daughters of Folly, Sisters of Those
Who toss to Life their Gift of Youth,
But reap in bitterness, tears, and ruth—
Women who end as horrible hags,
In tatter'd ribbons and flutt'ring rags,
With wisps of shameful iron-grey hair,
All wildly loose to the winter air!

The tropical moon swims low to-night:
The evening air is clear and chill.
Under the stars, serene and still,
All nature breathes in a slumber light.
Happy Natives, here and there,
Murmur together, for life is fair!
No need for worry or thought or care—
Sweet Love is a gift of merit rare!

Here are Daughters and Sisters of Those
Who look on Love as a fragrant Rose.
Who joy to give the gage of youth
As a magic wonder, revealing truth !
Girls, whose souls are as wind-kiss'd flags
Fluttering aloft . . .
London's riches and rags
Bemuse no more . . . On the still night air
Drifts the lilt of a chorus, ' Who wills must *dare* ! '

PAYMENT

From Helicon's Stream a *draught* would once inspire
The Bard to sing in glad exultant flight :
But Poets of this sordid age require
A *draft* on Parr's, made ' payable at sight.'

AN INVITATION

Ladies, who rule us all with iron rods,
(Or are they, rather, wands of feather-weight ?)
What reason can you give why men—and gods !—
Are left out here in single-married state ?
Those words *don't* contradict, let me confess,
For 'tis not good that ' nuts ' or even ' churls '
Should live alone, without *one* sweet caress—
So come along, you breezy British Girls !

There 's loud complaining from each mortal here :
Men of the office, mart, or trading store ;
For scarce a dozen ladies linger near,
And we have room for many hundreds more.
Life's voyage pass'd away on empty decks,
Though sea be calm, and pleasant wind unfurls
Our waiting sails, is ' hungry ' work—the Sex
Is what we want : a crowd of British Girls !

Our need rings out : a thousand brawny throats
Increase their wonted dryness in the cry :
' Maids from far Cornwall ; lasses from John o' Groats,
We 're lonely here, and ask the reason why ! '
Send fewer sons of Lord Sweet No-Body,
The washed-out issue of old bloated earls :
They only serve red tape, and routine shoddy—
We need the soothing touch of British Girls !

Boys do our cooking, washing, ev'rything !
And life is blank and tame, we tell you true :
We yearn for *homes*, for all that Love can bring
To lonely men : the joyous will to *do* !
Come over without fear—we know the ropes,
In this mad land, where Death so often hurls
His gauntlet down. Come, bringing brighter hopes
You bright and breezy, bonny, British Girls !

FAITHFULNESS

THINK not the Poet loves like common clay :
He woos his Art, and to his Muse is wed—
Vain all thy words, and all thy lips can say :
He takes no dearer Mistress to his bed !

GOD

The fair Apollo—Beauty
Incarnate for all years
To stir the soul to rapture,
Or wake the heart to tears :
'Twas once unlov'd, unlovely,
Till, at the sculptor's nod,
The sleeping form awaken'd—
And I—I call it God !

The crash of a mighty chorus,
The throb of a wild desire :
Chaos and trembling and darkness,
Thunder and windy fire ;
Then, stealing onward softly,
A shaft of light, gold-shod :
Composers call this Music—
But I—I call it God !

HER LOVE IS MINE

God's Gift of Life with true love must be mated .
As sun to cloud ; as moonbeam to the sea ;
As rest to strife ; as care by kiss abated ;
As flow'r to soil—such is her love to me !
Her love is mine : I hold it in my keeping—
Kind mem'ry brings a faith that shall endure ;
The stars that shine, when all the world is sleeping,
Are not more clear, more steadfast, or more sure !

When life is Love then life is lit with laughter—
Wisest is he who knows one woman's worth :
By stars above, man trusts that Life Hereafter
Will consummate true unions made on earth !
Her love is mine : I hold it in my keeping—
Kind mem'ry brings a faith that shall endure ;
The stars that shine, when all the world is sleeping,
Are not more clear, more steadfast or more sure !

LOVE AND LUST

The rich enraptured hair of ruddy Lust I saw ;
And she was passing fair : well worth the dying for.
Her eyes were eyes of flame ; her breasts were breasts of fire ;
And I breathed low her name, in ecstasy of Desire !

' True Love,' they say, ' is Pain ! Full many die for her !
To perish I am fain, if Love as she be fair ! '
Then saw I Love's gold hair. She cherished : did not slay ;
I turned from Lust's wild stare to Love's cool arms away.

' See thou my breast of snows, where winds are never rude ;
Here is Life's fragrant Rose : here peace and solitude ! '
Pale is my Love, and dear, as cold as moon i' the night ;
But I worship without fear, and bend to her nebulous light.

ECHO AND RESPONSE

The ocean's silken smile, secretive, cool,
Brings back one dreadful trial of the past:
The silence and the sunshine seem to cast
A veil around my senses. O mad fool
To yearn for her again! Essay to school
Your soul to patience; for, behold! at last,
If Death be Love, your arms will hold her fast
Beside the glistening waters of Heaven's Pool!

The vanish'd loveliness of form and face,
True eyes, and treasures of her golden hair,
Shall yet be yours. For, meeting on the stair,
A moment of exquisite holy grace
Will be vouchsaf'd, and hungry fingers trace
Each subtle charm, beneath the angels' care!

DREAMING OF YOU

I SIT dreaming in the darkness, waiting for the morning fair,
While the breeze is lightly blowing, and fresh flow'rs perfume the air ;
And the crooning of the ocean echoes all our joys to be,
When you come with eyes of longing, and warm hands stretch'd out to me.

Dreaming of you, in the dawn and the dew,
Dreaming of you, all the lonely night through ;
Stars palely gleaming,
Morning sun beaming,
Just dreaming and scheming, forever, of you !

When the dreary day is over, and the long night comes again ;
When the nightingale is singing love's unchanging sweet refrain ;
All my dreams go outward winging, far across the ocean blue,
And my heart is filled with rapture, as I dream once more of you !

Dreaming of you, in the dawn and the dew,
Dreaming of you all the lonely night through ;
Stars palely gleaming,
Morning sun beaming,
Just dreaming and scheming, forever, of you !

TO YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Twin-Souls are Youth and Beauty! I may strive
By patient work to limn each faithful face
Within the mirror of my art, and trace
Its peerless worth. But as deft swimmers dive
Far out of sight, and linger while they hive
What they have found, lest envious ones should chase
Them from their trove, I minimise my case:
And what I dream is *more* than words contrive!

Ah! Youth so fair! Ah, Beauty ever young!
'Tis yours to mock! Through your sweet fibres ring
The glorious melody of grace high-strung
In wonder of strong realness. I *must* sing:
But you are present Music, while among
The Things that Are, my songs but Shadows bring!

I COUNT IT WELL

I COUNT it well, when men may be repeating
How very surely pains and griefs arise,
To have at dawn and dusk your cheerful greeting,
And know your faith unwearied 'neath God's skies :
O tender voice, my pulse might start once more,
If you should call me from Death's darker shore !

I count it well, when, like some scandal-monger,
Doubt whispers to my soul of Age in store,
To feel your hands entreat my keen heart-hunger,
By homely acts more gracious than before :
O soothing hands that work to comfort me,
More dear than wealth or fame could ever be !

I count it well, within our simple dwelling,
To glean one truth, whenever winds blow chill :
To hold you true, beyond mere skill of telling,
And trust your gentle heart beats for me still :
O loving heart that throbs for me in pain,
I bless your worth a thousand times again !

ROSE OF GREY

Love has roses in her chalice,
Crimson, yellow, white :
Each a tiny perfumed palace,
Gem'd with dew and light ;
But one rose of shy surrender
Holds the gates of day :
Wistful, dreaming, timid, tender—
Sweet, my rose of grey !

Rare my rosebud unmolested,
Neutral and alone,
For within her heart untested
Hide all colours known.
Answ'ring to my adoration,
She will wake anew
From her maiden meditation :
Rose of grey—just you !

'ALL IS WELL!'

Dear Love, beyond the Wall we know as Death,
Break, break the Silence, and our fears dispel:
O tell the world, O tell
To ears that strain to catch your faintest breath
That '*All is well!*'

What of the night, and all its mystic gloom?
Have you of Happiness or Tears to tell?
Is Death Life's soundless Bell?
Or have you found deep Joy within the Tomb,
And 'All is well'?

We muse on days when hearts were deepest stirr'd;
When we would quarrel; kiss with tears; and tell
Love's ever-youthful spell:
O, have you not one little, little word—
That 'All is well'?

Shall thought and action never fuse and fire
In that Great Silence, where Death rules so well?
Is life an empty shell?
Or may we proudly *feel*, love, hope, aspire
Till 'All *is* well'?

. . . . .

The eyes soft-close . . . Each living, loving voice
Fades far away . . . The spirit flees its cell
To Realms Invisible . . .
Lo! Angel-Friends, who welcome and rejoice
For 'All *is* well!'

. . . . . .

Why doubt, perplexéd soul? Why doubt your Lord?
Stand staunch and true, a loyal sentinel,
And do your duty well:
In that pain-weary world, repeat this Word—
'All is, *for ever*, well!'

SOLACE

Though all uncrown'd my days may be:
Though all unfamed may be my end:
One golden thought I bear to Death with me—
I had *one* Bosom Friend!

SUN AND MOON

God's golden sun :
How bright it beams
Upon our earth, where roses glow ;
Where the white lily softly dreams
'Mid daisies dancing, all a-row,
How clear the sky ;
How fresh the flow'rs ;
How fill'd with hope the day begun !
How sweet the wind,
How glad the hours—
God's golden sun,
God's golden sun !

Love's silver moon :
How dear it is
When Youth and Beauty wond'ring meet !
A mist of dreams ; an age of bliss
That speeds on silver-sandall'd feet !
O, clasp the hope !
Dream the sweet dream,
While hearts for love and joy have room ;
Believe that Life
Is all we deem—

Love's silver moon,
God's golden sun,
The breathless pause
'Twixt birth and tomb—
God's golden sun,
Love's silver moon!

MURMURS OF LIFE AND DEATH

To live one fleeting hour above the sod:
To mark the dewy tears of sinless Youth:
To yearn unswervingly for Beauty, Truth:
And seek eternally a greater God;
To worship on an earth where golden-rod
Makes wondrous all the hills: to know no ruth
Of Love's reprisals, nor the tireless tooth
Of Anguish when Death's Valley shall be trod—

These are my dreams! What then can *Heaven* be?
A fiery aspiration and desire?
If you be with me even Hell's fierce fire
Would meet me unafraid! Love's Mystery
Of clinging lips, soft hands, and suppliant knee
Must greatest seem where souls may never tire!

WEST AFRICA

I 'm dreaming to-night, with the fondest emotion,
Of a Land that is dearer than language can tell;
It lies far away, on the rim of the ocean;
And oh! but we cherish West Africa well!
'Tis there we have friends of the fondest and truest—
A welcome is waiting for you and for me,
Where the sun is of gold, and the skies are the bluest,
In tropic West Afric—Home 'yond the sea!
West Africa, West Africa!
The Land we follow like a star:
Home of the palm and glowing sun,
Whose children love her, ev'ry one:
Dear Land of Rest, Our Choice is best,
We love thee well, West Africa!

The Gambia, the Gold Coast, Sa' Leone and Nigeria,
And the newly-won lands, with our blood on their soil;
Warm hearts may be fain for the Homeland, but cheerier
We turn to the countries we made with our toil!
And though through the world on tired feet we may wander,
Our hearts, in their longing, will ever embalm
Those joys we have known, in the Tropics out yonder,
The land of clear sunshine, Home of the palm!
West Africa, West Africa!
The Land we follow like a star:

Home of the palm and glowing sun,
Whose children love her, ev'ry one :
Dear Land of Rest, Our Choice is best,
We love thee well, West Africa !

J. M. Stuart-Young.

A CHURCH IN THE BUSH

This is God's House ; and here on Sabbath days
With humble knees and shaded eyes, attend
The patient and the prodigal, who spend
The work-day week in Pagan paraphrase
Of Christian life—but now exult to praise,
In song, their dimly-apprehended Friend,
Who came on earth their errors to amend,
And, from the dust, their feebleness to raise !

Praise ye that Servant who is born in Faith :
Christ's tenets to his reason hold most true—
But lend a thought of admiration to
The kneeling Pagan, whose uneasy breath
Is pitted 'gainst a Curse that makes taboo
Each proselyte from Ju-Ju, to the Death !

YEARNING

O Heart that holds for me the fount of tears,
Heart, happy Heart, and hope of sequent years,
I 'd give my life to keep thee in my own :
To worship ever at thine altar-stone,
That Love should claim thee,
And Time ne'er shame thee :
That God should name thee
As mine, all mine, alone.

My soul's salvation ; star of youth's bright dreams,
The real and true, where worldly fame but seems ;
Lay thy cool hands in mine at day's last breath :
Proving to me that Yearning conquereth,
For Love has stay'd thee,
And Time has paid thee,
Yea, God has made thee
All mine, in Life and Death.

A LITTLE SONG OF THANKS

Give thanks for the bird that carols delight,
For the dew, and the rain, and the midnight star;
Give thanks for the fire that gleams through the night,
When the wanderer yearns for his home afar!

Give thanks for the horse that gallops away
As though it were bound for the edge o' the world;
Give thanks for the boat that waits in the bay
And the red, red rose, with its leaves uncurl'd.

Give thanks for the dreamer who craves no moon,
But loves his dear dreaming as I, sweet, love you;
Give thanks to the song whose exultant tune
Is the one that your heart is now throbbing to!

LAD'S-LOVE

Sweet passion came to us that day,
We wander'd where the lad's-love grows,
And in the hedges green and gay
Hung, bleeding, many a fragrant rose;
We talk'd of love, and on the sward
Drew nearer in a warm embrace;
Our hearts beat wildly, and toward
Each other nestling, face met face.
Flow'rs at eventide may fade,
Tears may drip from sullen skies;
Yet our love is unafraid,
As we read Life's glowing eyes;
Sturdy Lad's-love be our guide,
Let buds droop and let rain fall,
Love be ours at eventide,
Love, the Lord, the Lord of all.

'Tis winter now, and fields are bare;
I dream of your remember'd face;
Your look, your voice, your tender air
Of innocence and childish grace.
For though 'tis true that summer fades,
That birds, with autumn, southward fly,
The Lad's-love in our open glades,
Pledge of our love, forgets to die.

Flow'rs at eventide may fade,
Tears may drip from sullen skies ;
Yet our love is unafraid,
As we read Life's glowing eyes ;
Sturdy Lad's-love be our guide,
Let buds droop and let rain fall,
Love be ours at eventide,
Love, the Lord, the Lord of all.

OVER THE HILL

Up the steep hill, and over it !
Ah, who will follow me ?
Where the sunlight falls, and the blackbird calls,
In the wonderful Land of Faëry.

Up the steep hill, and over it !
Who makes one flight with me ?
Where each truant phrase of Love's golden days
Lives on, in a tangle of melody !

Up the steep hill, and over it !
Who follows the Call of Love ?
Where the heart again loses sorrow and pain,
And God's wonderful stars shine above.

PRECIOUS THINGS

Upon a reed I make my song;
'Tis sweet, ah! sweet, and true and clear—
It tells amid the hurried throng
Of little things my heart holds dear:
The hush of dawn; the tinkling stream;
The blackbird singing in the wood;
The sunset cloud; the twilight dream;
The sense of peace and brotherhood!

The tiny house, with fireside chair,
That is to me both home and nest;
Where, after toil and pain and care,
My weary feet may safely rest;
And two soft arms that reach to me;
And two warm lips that wait my kiss;
And oh! a heart that beats for me:
Alone for me, in earthly bliss!

Florence Aylward.

IN THE TWILIGHT

I SIT at the keyboard, lonely,
And dream of the golden time,
When you sang in the shadows, only,
Of a fairer and happier clime;
And O but my heart aches sadly
For the sound of your thrilling voice;
Till one musical phrase, from the old-time days,
Makes my love-laden heart rejoice!

I cannot sing, when you are far away;
I only count the lonely, lonely hours;
Come back, come back, before the break of day,
And claim for me a dawn of fragrant flowers!

There 's the note of a love-song tender,
And the verse of a serenade,
While the stars look down in splendour,
And come to my wondering aid;
But the words I am waiting and yearning
Are sweet with the dawn and the dew—
Come back to my heart, for I 'm lonely apart;
I am waiting, my darling, for you!

I cannot sing, when you are far away;
I only count the lonely, lonely hours;
Come back, come back, before the break of day,
And claim for me a dawn of fragrant flowers!

My Sunlight's Source! I could not live without you!
(They know not Love who merely love to range!)
I claim'd you when all others seem'd to flout you—
And took your peerless heart in sweet exchange!
Lend me your love, with golden glory gleaming:
Your restful confidence for day or night—
Dear Dreams come *true*, where others still are dreaming:
A faith that veers forever to the Light!

Take on your lips this kiss to mark Love's Coming!
Take from my heart this pledge of manlier gain—
Love's silver sea is round us in Life's gloaming,
And lo! its message tells of conquered pain!
Now our two souls have link'd their tides together,
Now drift we to a lovelier land than this—
On, ever onward, in Love's perfect weather
Toward the shores of God's eternal bliss!

I CANNOT TELL

I CANNOT tell how very much I want you,
When life is lonely, and my heart is sad ;
I only pray that Love will hold and haunt you,
And bring you home, dear lad !

I cannot tell why old familiar places
That knew our joy, are held aloof, apart ;
But O, I pray that, 'mid those foreign faces,
You will be true, dear heart !

I cannot tell you half my joy or sorrow ;
I look to God to keep you safe and whole ;
And pray that Love will send a bright To-morrow
For you and me, dear soul !

LITTLE EARTHLY THINGS

When our end draws near, and we both must go
To the mystic haunts of the Long Ago,
'Twould be glorious, sweet, in the Vast Unknown,
As together we knelt at the Awful Throne,
If we bore to the Altar of God above
Those dreams of our youth, *Faith* and *Hope* and *Love!*

Ne'er to lose the gaze, modest, half-divine,
When you laid the touch of your hands on mine;
Just to guard the sigh and the glowing bliss,
When the stars look'd down on our first glad kiss;
For these mem'ries, sweet, are more dear to me
Than the garner'd wealth of a king could be!

Just to keep the scent of the rose in rain,
Or the violet's breath in a country lane;
To recall the Spring on a purple moor,
Or the ocean's croon to a moonlit shore;
'Tis such dear small things that have ruled the heart:
They are yours and mine—of our souls, a *part!*

So *these* will we take to the Throne above:
Common human joys, born of homely love:
When heav'n's music flows through the angel-wings,
Let our souls recall 'little earthly things';
And the tender Lord Who knows honest worth
Shall pardon and love—as *we* lov'd on earth!

MOVEMENT

As one—emerging from dark prison walls
After incarceration during years
Of aching silence—melts to sudden tears
At sights and sounds, that Memory's seneschals
Record as sweet : thus-wise my soul recalls,
With wonder and amaze, all that endears
This glad green world to poets and their peers—
I am incredulous at intervals !

Both animals and humans I mark move,
Eat, drink ; want, hate ; aspire and fiercely feel ;
And 'tis as though I saw earth-clods arise !
' Have we *all* senses ? . . . O, Thou Mighty Love,
Giver of Life ! How shall I dare conceal
My trembling adoration and surprise ! '

THE LESSON OF THE ROSES

It is the time of roses, sweetheart mine,
When skies no more with cloud are overcast—
We pluck them, where they gaily intertwine,
And claim their message as our own at last!
For lips were made for kissing;
Eyes were born to shine—
Youth is not for missing,
With its joys divine;
Hearts were made for loving,
Never for disdain:
Leave the smart, and claim my heart,
O kiss me once again!

Each rose lies open to its heart's sweet core,
Eager to prove its beauty to the last—
O, let us learn the lesson more and more,
And pluck the sweets of life, ere they be pass'd!
For lips were made for kissing;
Eyes were born to shine—
Youth is not for missing,
With its joys divine;
Hearts were made for loving,
Never for disdain:
Leave the smart, and claim my heart,
O kiss me once again!

MY PALACE OF DREAMS

Each night my heart goes parleying with sleep,
Asking the boon of your white hands to kiss :
I shun Oblivion's over-poppied steep,
Averse from drugged repose or shallow bliss !

Before deep waters flood me, I explore
My pageantry world, each fibre free,
Until my feet touch at Life's Ideal Shore,
Where fruits of honest faith are given to me !

And *here*, in your sweet presence, I may stand,
A suitor for your favour, proud and bold :
Imaginary Courts wait our command,
Where I may ride a Tourney for your hand,
Or tread with you these Palace Aisles of Gold !

I LOVE THE FOREST

I love the moon, I love the sun,
I love the Forest, the flow'rs, the fun;
I love the wildbirds, the dawn and the dew,
But best of all . . . I love *you!*—PAUL REUBENS.

I LOVE the Forest, and the wide camp-clearing,
Where leans some little town, a rippling stream anear;
Where quaint old negroes venture, nothing fearing,
And *pickins* peep and peer;
Mayhap both young and old are coy of clothing,
With vacant eyes, and forms grotesquely small,
But, sure, my mind conceives no hint of loathing,
For they are children,
Frank children, one and all!

I love the Forest, fill'd with phantom faces
That peer behind the years' far-off unrestful bars,
When Earth and Life first 'link'd' in these wild places,
And stars were only stars!
When nights were black, yet planets in their reeling
Were Lamps to light the wayward feet of men;
When hearts were sane and simple, strong with feeling—
O were men happier,
Were men happier then?

I love the Forest, where I wander, dreaming
Weird ancient dreams of Pain, of Grief, and Lost Desire,

Where mental thrills are far more real than seeming—
Are free and fierce as fire !
Such pristine touches of the Earth's caressings
Wake sluggish souls, and lift them up to God :
In vain shall cities bring their profuse blessings
To Nature's children,
Shy children of her sod !

I love the Forest, bird and beast-enchanted,
Long introspective days, spent on its generous soil ;
These green sweet aisles, with fairy-figures haunted,
Seem made for lyric spoil !
And O, the nights—with eerie music creeping
From singing voices, wind and whisp'ring leaf !
Plaintive and wild, and salt with bitter weeping,
Tearing the heart-strings,
The heart-strings past belief !

I love the Forest ! *How* I love the Forest !
So, if I die where sunlight's flying fingers
Touch the tall brooding trees, and shadows pause and pass,
Place me beneath a palm, where quietness lingers,
And grows the green lush grass !
There let me rest, where children's feet may wander,
Forgetful of past lives, and mainly this ;
But . . . let me wake, in some Great Forest yonder
To such wild music,
To music sweet as this !

THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE

There's a little white house on the edge of the sea,
Where are pine-trees all standing a-row;
Where are mountains of blue, and they beckon to me,
As they bask in the red sunset glow;
And the river lies crooning the valleys between,
Where the cattle stand idle and still,
And in dreams I have been where the wind bloweth keen
Round my little white house on the hill!
O my little white house on the edge of the sea,
With your pine-trees all standing a-row,
With your mountains of blue, how my heart aches for you,
As you follow wherever I go!

Was it only last year, or a long time ago,
That I pass'd through the little green gate?
Is it true there are eyes that are lit with the glow
Of a promise to watch on and wait?
Dearest symbol of all that this world holdeth best—
Of peace and of joy and of love,
I know the long day of our toil shall have rest
When the white stars of hope shine above!

O my little white house on the edge of the sea,
With your pine-trees all standing a-row,
With your mountains of blue, how my heart aches for you,
As you follow wherever I go!

Charles Mortimer.

A THOUGHT

'Tis so, 'tis so—
No load of woe
Need bring despairing frown:
Our cross of care
We bear, we bear
From dawn, till sun goes down;
But at the last,
Our journey past,
We claim the Golden Crown!

IN DREAMS

Sometimes, when dreaming, I will turn my hungry mind
Across the years ;
And in my longing I will burn again to find
Love's happy tears ;
I hear your sweet voice call, I see your eyes,
And—though beyond recall our paradise—
I love you yet, I love you yet !
And you are mine, in dreams—
In dreams !

Sometimes, when dreaming, I will hold your clinging hands
Within mine own ;
And all my life is turn'd to gold, as memory stands
Upon its throne ;
I feel your tender touch (O honey'd gall !),
And then my love is such, it pardons all !
O wild regret ! O wild regret !
For you are mine, in dreams,
Ah ! you are mine . . . in dreams !

GEMS

Ruby of Love and Sapphire of Friendship,
Diamond of Baby Laughter;
Amber of Faith, and Opal of Memory—
All Splendour that lingers after,
These be my one, my only quest,
The goal of my firm employ:
These may I seek till the night brings rest,
And Heaven's Treasure without Alloy!

POETRY AND DESIRE

I ask not in a world like ours
That sun shall shine alway;
I shall be happy if the hours
Bring night as well as day;
But this, O God, I do entreat
With heart and brain and tongue—
'O, let me hear Life's pulses beat,
And answer in a Song!'

STARRY WATERS

O Voice from out the silences,
    Drifting across Life's Sea,
I never know what silence is,
    Until you come to me!

You whisper of those happy days
    When all the world was sweet;
When hearts were fain for joy and praise,
    And love had lightsome feet!

Sweet murmurs of Eternity
    You bring once more to me:
The golden gift of memory,
    O Voice from out the sea!

SHINING PROMISE

When locks are grey that once were gold,
And eyes have lost their light,
O, tell me not Love's tale is told,
And Hope has taken flight;
When faculties their powers resign,
And youth is thrown aside,
O, deem not that the Love divine
Has swiftly, surely died!

The throbbing golden string that makes
Love's music in the heart
To ampler, fuller joy awakes
When earthly things depart;
For, when awaking from Life's dream,
The soul spreads forth her wing,
Love swells with everlasting theme
Songs that the angels sing!

THE DREAM CHILD

Soft hands I lov'd in dreamland fair !
Sweet lips mine own have sought to kiss !
Small patt'ring feet, and golden hair !
Angel-blue eyes—my fate is this :
Though life has never giv'n to me
A little child to call mine own,
I love you, love you tenderly,
O listen to my heart-felt moan :
Come, love, to me ; be mine to-night,
For I am lonely and I pine ;
O, come and bless my aching heart—
Be mine till morn ; for once be mine !

The wind is wailing in the trees ;
And Hope seems very far away ;
Come, love, to me upon the breeze,
And be mine own till break of day !
How vainly in the dark I grope
'Mong garments that you never wore—
Frail handicraft I wrought in hope
Of that dear babe I never bore !
Come, love, to me ; be mine to-night,
For I am lonely and I pine ;
O, come and bless my aching heart—
Be mine till morn ; for once be mine !

Oft-time at eve your low voice speaks,
And, yearningly, I stretch my arms;
But, while I wait with tear-drench'd cheeks,
My dream is pass'd, with all its charms;
Yet, when I draw you from your rest,
Dear unborn child, whose love is mine,
I hold you to my empty breast,
And realise the Joy Divine!

Come, love, to me; be mine to-night,
For I am lonely and I pine;
O, come and bless my aching heart—
Be mine till morn; for once be mine.

LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND DANCE

Rapture meets me at all hours,
Wreathes my hair with dewy flow'rs;
And my pulses know the beat
Cadenced by Life's twinkling feet!

' FOREVER ' FANCIES

As a bell in a chime
    Sets its relative ringing,
So one poet's rhyme
    Wakes a comrade to singing :
Thus a sweet human voice
    Wakes the sad heart to laughter,
And Love makes rejoice
    The World of Hereafter !

As the clear sky at dawn
    Tells the wind, ' I will miss you ! '
So, its cloud-curtains drawn,
    The day waits to kiss you :
When sun sinks to sleep,
    With its gold banners streaming,
My soul, o'er life's deep,
    Drifts out to you, dreaming !

I WILL RETURN

DARLING, I meet you in my dreams;
There do I see your glowing eyes:
Your beauty bless'd by misty beams,
And on your lips Love's sweet surprise.
I know you are faithful, tender, and true;
Soon I will journey homeward to you!
I will return, dear, I will return—
Home to our fireside, no more to yearn;
Pain be forgotten; Faith born anew:
I will come home again, darling, to you!

Glory of sunset's radiant skies;
Hush of our tropic evening air;
Carry me nearer your love-lit eyes,
Bring me your earnest love and care;
For at the close of each difficult day,
Your hands in mine, I can proudly say—
I will return, dear, I will return—
Home to our fireside, no more to yearn;
Pain be forgotten; Faith born anew:
I will come home again, darling, to you:
Pain be forgotten, faith born anew!

Herbert J. S. Carter.

MOTHER, SLEEP !

Your weary head, O let me feel at rest
Anear my heart. Scarce can I bear to gaze
Upon it without tears ; for on your breast
I lay a weakling in my stam'ring days !
O Mother, sleep ! O Mother, sleep !
'Twas on your bosom I found rest !
O Mother, sleep, while watch I keep,
Dear Mother, Mother, sleep !

From out the mart that stains the erring soul,
I seek one hour of pure and perfect peace ;
And in your arms I reach the further pole
Of heavenly joy, where gnawing sorrows cease !

Lean then upon my aching heart, O lean !
And, gathered thus, may angels reach our side ;
That through the coming years I still may glean
The shadow of the Love that Life denied !
O Mother, sleep ! O Mother, sleep !
'Twas on your bosom I found rest !
O Mother, sleep, while watch I keep,
Dear Mother, Mother, sleep !

IN HER SWEET NAME

In her sweet name may Heaven be kind
As are the thoughts in her pure mind ;
May she have sunshine, I have rain ;
May she have pleasure, I have pain ;
May splendour of the summer skies
Be as the blue of her clear eyes ;
And birds at even's rosy flame
Trill wild glad songs, in her sweet name !

In her sweet name, let every dart
Grief fashions for her tender heart
Enter mine own thrice-happy breast,
That she may have dream-perfum'd rest !
May Love's dear day-dreams, fresh and fair,
Be as the glory in her hair ;
And thorny be my path to fame
So roses bloom, in her sweet name !

LOVE'S CANOPY

How sweet it is, when in the silent night—
The moon cloud-hidden—sudden, on our eyes,
The wide-arm'd signal creeps across the skies;
And, to a wealthy clatter, orange light,
And smoky ribbon, past our wakeful sight
The train slips by: then in the distance dies
With cheerful flash: like iridescent flies
The glowing windows link'd in swaying flight!

Some traveller is borne to distant town,
While others speed to love and hope and home!
But sweeter far, beneath the shadowy dome,
To thrill with quick delight: to nestle down
Beside your lov'd one, and the star-lit gown
Caress with tender fingers, murm'ring 'Come!'

TALISMANS

Bright blaze of arc-lamps through the mist,
You shine to light my magic tryst;
But you are garish—let her dream
By stars' pale gleam!

O lily, dress'd in garments bright,
That keep the moonbeams' virgin light—
Bend to her breast with rod of gold:
Your dreams unfold!

O rich red rose, whose perfume rare
Is sweet as her young throat's sweet air—
Lean to her cheek, with dew that drips,
And kiss her lips!

Wet winds that whistle up and down
The wearying white streets of the town—
Be not too rude: go, gently shake
My love awake!

Love of my soul, speed to her heart
With ev'ry grace life may impart—
And tell, by all life's joys that stir,
I think of her, I think of her!

RETURN

I CANNOT have your kisses ev'ry day,
So rest upon my knees, and let me drink
Into my heart each feature, or I sink
Back to the gulfs of pain. Each word you say
Becomes a pearl : and your sought-out delay
In granting speech has brought me to the brink
Of Hell indeed. O, roses damask-pink,
That front your features, hasten not away !

Remember : it may ne'er return again,
This pregnant moment of our meeting here !
In a sad world of doubt and shifting fear
No chance may offer for this panting pain
Of brief encounter ! Let my soul retain
Your face for ever thus, so newly-near !

WHERE IS THE GLORY?

How many moons since you have gone away?
Since to our little household's little things
You gave your earnest care: a love that clings
Around the hearth, and has shy words to say—
'Husband—and Sweetheart!' How each long, long day
Is lit by mem'ries of your name! It brings
Your face before me: *wife:* the sad name sings
Through ev'ry moment of my lonely way!

But when the day has drifted to the dark,
'Tis then I feel the scourgings of Life's rod,
For I am alien from Love's mightier god:
I sit beneath our star-lit porch: cry '*Hark!*
She comes at last!' . . . then, in the silence, mark
Upon our lintel one word, '*Ichabod!*'

BEHIND US LIE HOW MANY MILES

LIFE's long road is weary,
And its hills are steep,
When the lov'd one 's far away ;
Bitter are the tear-drops
That our sad eyes weep,
As we trudge till break of day !

There 's how many milestones lie stretching away,
Bedew'd with our tear-drops, and lit with our smiles ;
And O, how Time's Roadway is calling to-day,
Revealing Love's wonderful wiles ;
But straight on ahead stands the House of our Dreams,
Where magic all sorrow beguiles ;
And its wide-open door tells of blessings in store,
But behind us lie how many miles !

Now the sun is rising—
Flow'rs are wet with dew,
As we near the open door ;
Tender hearts are waiting,
Where love's dreams come true,
And sweet joy dwells, evermore !

There 's how many milestones lie stretching away,
Bedew'd with our tear-drops and lit with our smiles ;
And O, how Time's Roadway is calling to-day,
Revealing Love's wonderful wiles ;

But straight on ahead stands the House of our Dreams,
Where magic all sorrow beguiles;
And its wide-open door tells of blessings in store,
But behind us lie how many miles!

ADMONITION

O LOVELY girl, a Princess proud
'Mong others dost thou move—
A gentle comrade to the crowd:
But ah! a foe to Love!

The simple flush upon thy cheek,
Though fragrant as the rose,
Was born of autumn's dawn so bleak—
And chill as mountain snows!

If you are Beauty Lover, linger here
One moment's spell to muse on this dear head:
Perfect in lilies and in roses: fed
Always by health and wonderfully clear.
Her face must to the artist-gaze appear
A home of peace, in which all doubt lies dead,
For turbid feelings are unknown, or sped
To eager zest for play, and left no bier!

She is my passion-flow'r; and I may see
Her petals op'ning daily to the sun.
Only to temperate breezes—and to one
Which is my love—my sweetheart's face is free.
She is my treasure-casket, full of fun
And quaint conceits; and I . . . I hold the key!

JUNE AND JOY—AND YOU

I NEVER knew these soft, sweet nights of June
Were full of joy and splendour :
I never knew that nightingales in tune
Sing love songs tender.
At last I know, and evermore will know
That June and joy go hand in hand ;
A promise so true in your eyes I view,
As we enter our Fairyland.
You lend me love's bliss in one sweet tender kiss,
'Neath these wonderful skies of blue :
And the thrill in your voice makes my glad heart rejoice,
On this June night, with joy—and you !

I never knew, until you took my hand,
And joy came to me stealing,
How this June night would change to Fairyland,
Love's bliss revealing.
I never knew, but evermore will know
That June and joy go hand in hand ;
A promise so true in your eyes I view,
As we enter our Fairyland !
You lend me love's bliss in one sweet tender kiss,
'Neath these wonderful skies of blue :
And the thrill in your voice makes my glad heart rejoice,
On this June night, with joy—and you !

LOVIN' ON

Sort o' feelin' sad an' lonesome,
Dreamin' o' the days behin';
Left entirely on my ownsome:
Dunno *why* the world 's unkin'.
Somehow no one seems to want me,
I 've got left upon the shelf;
Thoughts o' love an' laughter haunt me,
When I 'm left here by myself.
Roses in the garden bloomin';
Yeller sunflow'rs, sweet an' tall;
Bees in honey'd traffic boomin'—
She the faires' flow'r of all!

Few the things there be, on this earth of ours,
That count worth a tinker's cuss:
Smile at Fortune's frown; help the man that 's down
Grip to those who will grip to us.
For one fact stan's clear—that I shan't be here
When a hundred years have gone:
But the soul that I seek is a-seekin' still,
An' the heart that I love—loves on!

Guess I 'll find 'er an' ferget it—
Jest ferget this fit o' blues:
Ain't no prize but man can get it,
Ain't no goal but man may choose!

Soon I 'll twine my arms aroun' her,
Smile into her eyes again,
Where my love has sought an' foun' her ;
Vanquish'd all the bitter pain.
See the sun in golden splendour
Greets the mountin' larks astir :
Soon, I 'll hear her love-call tender,
Once more pledge my heart to *her* !

Few the things there be, on this earth of ours,
That count worth a tinker's cuss :
Smile at Fortune's frown ; help the man that 's down,
Grip to those who will grip to us.
For one fact stan's clear—that I shan't be here
When a hundred years have gone :
But the soul that I seek is a-seekin' still,
An' the heart that I love—loves on !

RENT

God, for this world bright and gay,
I, in Thy mansion of Time,
Lovingly, gratefully pay
Rent—with the run of a rhyme !

THIS GLAD SWEET DAY

This glad sweet day is done—
This golden day that makes you mine forever,
When ne'er a shadow o'er life's setting sun,
Our future paths shall sever :
You give me your warm heart,
Its faith, its love, its gladness, and its glory ;
Now all these treasures, until death us part,
Make life's sweet story !

I pledge you in a kiss,
With passion pure my eager arms extending ;
For all life's sweetness, all love's joy and bliss
Are ours—always, unending !
Our past : a Fairyland !
Our future years : a Dream this night discovers !
The stars are smiling, as I take your hand,
Forever lovers—
Forever mates and lovers !

A CITY SPARROW

MAKE me a Man—not a mere machine :
Flesh that responds, senses new and clean.
I have hated (how keenly !) and loved (how meanly !)—
I have thought (how tamely !) and worked (how lamely !)—
I have called this worthless ; I have thought that fine ;
I have turned—vain pride !—Life's water to wine.
But now I behold the Creator's Plan—
Make me a Man ! O, make me a Man !

Take me away from the years that hasted ;
Wash me anew from the sins that wasted ;
The joys swift-speeding ;
The fashions receding ;
Loving words unspoken ;
Rash promises broken—
Away from the over-known, over-heard, over-seen ;
Out of the hurry, the tumult, the spleen—
Through time unknown, what and whither leading,
Onward and forward, ever faster speeding,
Into the free and the true—God's Plan :
Save me, O Time ! Ah ! you can, you can !
Make me a Man again, make me a *Man* !

BACK TO ATHLONE

GLAD is my heart this night in sweet September,
The heart that once was full of doubts and fears;
I love you yet, and I will aye remember
The golden joys we knew in other years.

Your eyes soon will look in mine own again,
Though weary this waiting alone;
You will come in the dawning
Of Love's brighter morning,
And will carry me back to Athlone.
You will come with a balm for my bitter pain:
You will speak in love's tenderest tone;
My heart is all yours,
While this glad world endures,
And together we 'll go back to Athlone!

Sweet are the songs heard in the twilight gloaming,
The world with joy seems full this eventide;
E'en as the birds my heart is tired of roaming,
And I would dwell forever at your side.

Your eyes soon will look in mine own again,
Though weary this waiting alone;
You will come in the dawning
Of Love's brighter morning,
And will carry me back to Athlone.

You will come with a balm for my bitter pain :
You will speak in love's tenderest tone ;
My heart is all yours,
While this glad world endures,
And together we 'll go back to Athlone !

SOLACE

No need to count the hours we live apart—
No need to watch the sun or scan the skies ;
I only know you dwell within my heart,
A pure sweet love that lives, and never dies !

For, finding your dear face upon my wall,
And other little tokens of our past,
I realise that Love must conquer all,
And bring our lips together at the last !

I long for you . . . yet have I put away
In silence and in secret all our love—
But O, dear heart, the joy of that great day
When you and I shall meet, in realms above,
And all our patience prove.

WHO 'D BE A CHILD

Who 'd be a child again ?
Well, I would !
Who 'd face its grief and pain ?
Well, I could !
The best of times must reach an end ;
The noblest heart may lack a friend :
But faith of childhood knows no end—
That 's why *I* would !

Who 'd stand at Youth's glad door ?
Well, I would !
Who 'd grasp Love's secret store ?
Well, I could !
Though we may wander, far and wide,
Though pulses leap in manly pride,
Youth's charm can never be denied—
So, *I* would !

Deny the Past is gone ?
Well, I would !
Take setting *and* rising sun ?
Of *course*, I would !
Where'er my lonely lot may be,

That is both time and place for me!
In each glad hour let heart be free:
Then onward move
To Light and Love . . .
Indeed, I would!
Yes, yes, I *would*!

Laura Williams.

COMPENSATIONS

Words after aching silence;
Pleasure after pain;
Fervour that crowns long absence;
Clear sunshine after rain;
Spring, the dark winter after;
Peace that has banished strife;
Silence that follows laughter;
And Heav'n as the crown of life;
Kisses that grow by waiting;
Wild honey after gall;
And love . . . that ensues on hating:
For Love is the king of all!
Yea, Love is the king of all!

ENTREATY

This restless moaning sea,
Wild sunset overhead;
These gulls that seem to be
Blood-bathed in royal red;
O voices from the sea,
O words of mystery,
What have you said—
What have you said
Of her whose love is all the world
(And something more!)
To me?

O peace at eventide,
Comfort for all who weep
How long will you abide
With one who may not sleep?
Pain, not to be denied,
Bring back unto my side
The love I keep,
The love I keep:
She whom I long for night and day
(And through all time!)
Beside!

THE MESSAGE

THAT my heart, like the wind, were efficient to find
The summer, the sun and the swallow!
Ever Northward it blows to the Land of the Rose:
Dear England, and bids me to follow—
Follow on! Follow on! Till the daylight be gone;
Cool night brings the scent of the heather;
Hear the somnolent bees; list the murmurous trees:
'Tis summer—and finest of weather!

Breathe the fragrance of June: English hearts are in tune;
Vagrant elves lightly flit through the sedges;
And the spirit of peace has imparted release
To health, from a hundred green hedges!
Southern wind! Southern wind! Let my joy be to find
The zest of your sensuous motion;
Let me follow your lead, till my exile be freed
From the bounds of this severing ocean!

Happy wind! Day by day, 'tis your fortune to play
Through lanes that are sunlit or shady!
Speed swift by our ships, and find out the lips
Of my lady, my own little lady!
Shape the music of birds to these three earnest words,
As you playfully frolic above her:
Let your message be this (and its pledge be a kiss!)
'I love her! I love her! *I love her!*'

WHERE THE SWALLOWS FLY

Here, in the heart of the town,
Hurry and noise and glare;
O give me the open down,
And the full, free air,
Where life is fair!

Warm is home's glowing fire,
Closing each tiresome day—
But lend me the heart's desire:
The wind on its way!
At break of day!

Farewell to tumult and strife,
To smoke in a sullen sky;
I 'll find me a sweeter life,
Where the swallows fly,
On high! on high!

THE LOST YEARS

THERE 's a sigh in the shadows, a mist on the river,
The white road before us is swirling with dust;
And the leaves on the hedges are waiting, a-shiver,
For the storm that may follow, the cold rain that must.
But there is a Bower where Love may go,
A refuge from sorrow and tears,
Where the old-time roses as red still grow,
In our Garden of the Long-lost Years!

See! A rift in the clouds, and the hills proudly gleaming,
The hills with their message so brave and so free.
Cling closer, dear heart, while we are waiting and dreaming,
Near by is Love's Refuge for you and for me:
In that fragrant Bower where Love may go,
Our refuge from sorrow and tears,
Where the old-time roses as red still grow,
In our Garden of the Long-lost Years.

Cecily Kneeshaw.

WHISPERS

I HEARD you whisper low my name,
And it fell like a flower on my heart,
You call'd me, and O, I came, I came,
Back to your loving heart!

You stood by the edge of the running stream,
Lit only by stars in the skies;
But I saw (or was it only a dream?)
Love-light in your glowing eyes!

You call'd me—a whisper of sweetest love:
And the words made me perfect and whole;
While the moon swam in glory, in glory above,
I claim'd your wonderful soul!
I claim'd your most wonderful soul!

BY THE FIRESIDE

By the fireside, O Life's Comrade, comrade of the long, long years,
Let us sit and talk together of our youthful hopes and fears :
How the world was lit with laughter, lordly with our pride and joy,
When you were a happy maiden, and I just a merry boy !

Sitting by the dying ember,
Let us all the past recall,
And forget not, in December,
How God's sunshine blesses all !

By the fireside, dearest Comrade, dimmer though your eyes may shine,
Though your hair may now be whiter, yet I know your heart is mine ;
And though youthful faith be feeble, there 's a nobler one in view,
For we tread Death's Vale together, steadfast ever, strong and true !

Sitting by the dying ember,
Let us all the past recall,
And forget not in December,
How God's sunshine blesses all—
How Love's glories live for all !

AT TWILIGHT

The evening shadows fall,
Sweet;
The lonely sea-gulls call,
Sweet,
And slumber broods o'er all.
Our little day is done,
Sweet,
Farewell to golden sun,
Sweet,
For night is here, Life's night is here,
On silver-sandall'd feet!

Both bird and blossom sleep,
Dear;
The planets faintly peep,
Dear,
And moonrays round us sweep.
Kiss once the blushing rose,
Dear,
Then turn we to repose,
Dear,
And pray that Love, that Love at last,
Shall bring us morning clear!

COMMON THINGS

You ask for counsel, daughter sweet of mine,
For Life seems dull, and things are hard so often :
Wait not for High Romance ; but just deem ' fine '
A multitude of things you had forgotten !

The fields are few where acts of *living* show,
Yet one can do the nearest trivial duty—
Thus faithful hearts will soonest learn to know
How common things oft hide their secret beauty !

There 's laughter of young children at their play
(For youth, Man owes the debt ; God claims the glory !)
There 's perfume of the flow'rs—so sweet alway,
And patient mother-love's unchanging story !

There 's sunshine and there 's rain, for one and all,
There 's music in the bells that peal at even ;
There 's moon and star, and Love's ecstatic call,
And God at last to welcome you to Heaven !

O, was it to-day or yester year,
Or a thousand years ago,
We met in the morn of a magical May,
While dew-drops were gleaming on every spray,
And your eyes, with their wonderful glow,
Look'd into mine own with a maiden-surprise,
And Cupid reveal'd his own sweet paradise ?
A thousand years, or a year of years,
Or only one hour ago ?

O, was it here, in an English Spring
Or a million of miles away,
Our high-throbbing bosoms were satisfied
As over us flow'd Love's tempestuous tide,
And our souls claim'd each other for aye ?
The splendour fell round us from Heaven above,
And my lips are still warm with your kisses, my love,
In *this* garden of Spring, *this* garden of Spring,
Or a million of miles away ?

FADED FLOWER OF LOVE

You cannot bloom again, O faded flow'r of love!
I hold you to my heart,
With tender petals, red as sunset gold;
Lie there, where once he press'd you,
Before his lips caress'd you—
So far, so far away,
Those happy dreams of old!

Where has my true love gone, O faded flow'r of love?
Your tender crimson leaves
Once wet with dew and show'rs of April rain!
Have you no message for me,
No star on path before me?
So dear, so dear those lips
I kiss'd in love and pain!

Will he come back at last, O faded flow'r of love?—
When the glad morning bréaks,
And Heav'n shall bring love's sweet unfading rose?
My bitter tears are falling;
The night is calling, calling;
I lov'd, I lov'd him well,
My faded flow'r, Love knows!
Love in love's pity knows,
My faded, faded rose!

I 've a treasure rare and sweet,
Making love and life complete,
As home I go, when ev'ning skies are red;
You will always see a smile
On my tiréd face the while,
When I reach the house at last with quiet tread.
Sudden clamour at the door,
As his baby arms once more
Cling around my neck, while greetings soft are said;
Then he leads me to the fire—
That's his special sweet desire!—
O, that little boy of mine with touzled head!

First a greeting to his mother,
Who is dear as is no other,
While his tiny arms round both our necks are spread;
Then one other special care—
(Dancing eyes and curly hair!)
Just to bring my slippers, ere he goes to bed.
And our child who plays his part
With a tender, loving heart:
All his little baby pray'rs devoutly said:
Lifts a face, transform'd with bliss,
For our parting *Good-night* kiss—
O, that little boy of mine with touzled head!

Then before our cosy fire,
She, who is my heart's desire,
Sits awhile, until another day has sped ;
And our mem'ries all are sweet
Of those little patt'ring feet
That we heard a while ago pass overhead.
So we talk of love and him,
And my darling's eyes grow dim,
For she dreams of that glad morn when first we wed ;
And there 's sunshine all the while,
Making life one loving smile,
With that little boy of ours :
One of Love's most fragrant flow'rs—
O, that little boy of ours with touzled head !

LA VIE EST VAINE

Vain is our Life :
Of Love a ray,
A little Strife,
And then—Good Day !

Brief is the Flight :
Of Hope one gleam,
A little Dream,
And then—Good Night !

LOVE'S PLEDGE OF A DREAM COME TRUE

Through many a valley we twain must go,
Till we come to the Far Away;
But the journey we share, and we gladly dare,
Till the dawn of the promis'd day;
And I thank the Lord with my ev'ry word
For the gift of your love divine:
That your heart has been true, in both honey and rue,
And your soul is the mate of mine!

Love, and a Land, far, far away,
No matter how faint its beams!
And I bless your name ev'ry new-born day,
As we follow the track of the upland way
That points to Heav'n's golden gleams—
That I never have look'd to your love in vain,
That you hold the balm for my secret pain,
And we live in a Realm of Dreams—
A Realm of living Dreams.

Full many a slope we must climb and win,
Till we reach to the Heart's Desire,
As we pass through the night, with its dear delight,
And its stars of silvery fire;

And we know our dreams are not dream'd in vain
The dark and the long hours through :
For your hand is in mine, and the promise divine
Is Love's Pledge of a Dream Come True !

Love, and a Land, far, far away,
No matter how faint its beams !
And I bless your name ev'ry new-born day,
As we follow the track of the upland way
That points to Heav'n's golden gleams—
That I never have look'd to your love in vain,
That you hold the balm for my secret pain,
And we live in a Realm of Dreams—
A Realm of living Dreams !

THE LUTE OF ORPHEUS

In olden days, in Orpheus' lute
Music's compulsion dwelt :
It might the obdurate confute,
And the unfeeling melt.

In these our days, e'en Orpheus' lute
Might own in you defeat—
Defiant of your lover's suit,
Implacable as sweet !

OUR SECRET

The day is drifting to the dark,
The stars shine clear and true;
I hear a gentle whisper—Hark!
My dearest, is it you?

The stars are dreaming in the sky;
And o'er the silent sea
A soul speeds forth with tender sigh
Heart's dearest, is it me?

The sea and sky rejoice to share
This secret, sweet, divine:
Our love is welcom'd ev'rywhere—
Ours, dearest, yours and mine!

LOVE AND DEATH

'Tis sweet to sing, but sweeter far to kiss—
Fine to make music, finer far to listen—
Splendid to act, but make you sure of this :
Easier to watch, with eyes that glow and glisten !

'Tis sweet to bloom, but sweeter just to breathe :
(Each sweetheart knows it, clinging to her lover ;)
Glorious to die, for in that Dream of Death
There lies a truth which we, at last, discover :
That *Love is Breath of Life* ; and Death
Is God's Eternal Bride,
With God Himself for Lover !

THE GOLDEN SONG

I have mingled my grapes and my wine,
Sang the little black Shulamite maid;
Now the voice that repeats it is thine,
In the tremulous, hovering shade!

Its heart the red rose burns all day;
For the starshine the lily makes room;
From the flow'rs ev'ry wind steals away
A more subtle and sweeter perfume!

Sing on, voice belov'd, in the night—
Life's great lesson of Loving repeat;
Let music and perfume and joy in their might
Make the world more pleasant and sweet!—
Our world more pleasant and sweet!

LOVE IN IDLENESS

How do I love ? With love so deep
That days are never long,
And joy transmutes the hours of sleep
To one unbroken song.
My love is such that I could weep
If you were cold to me !
How do I love ? With love so deep,
I live alone for thee !

How do I love ? With love so strong
That peril brings me pride ;
My lonely griefs are lost among
Delights found at your side.
My love is such that I belong
To those who know no fear !
How do I love ? With love so strong
That Heav'n on earth is here !

How do I love ? With love that is
The joy God's angels know :
A magic star whose rays of bliss
Light earth with lambent glow.
My love is such that it is this—
To live and die for thee !
How do I love ? With love that is
True to eternity,
True to eternity !

MY LADY'S HANDS

Two little snow-white hands, with palms so neat;
Five dainty fingers, not another more—
One graceful thumb, and digits that are four:
But O, her hands are magical and sweet!

Those little ivory keys—each one a slave—
Beneath her touch will sing and sing again;
Or thrill the heart to consciousness of pain,
And with hot tears a lover's eyelids lave!

And when her hands touch mine I throb with love;
A strange new joy goes speeding through my soul:
My darling's touch has power to make me whole,
And lift my heart to Paradise above!

THE WIND'S TRIBUTE

THE wind from the golden west
Upon my lips is lying;
It thrills my heart with a lover's zest,
And I echo its tender sighing!

From whence is the magic bliss?
Do you, my darling, know it?
First it kiss'd a rose; then gave *you* the kiss
As your lover himself would bestow it,
(And now . . . how *he* longs to know it!)

WHITE ROSE

(AFTER MELEAGER)

O PURE White Rose of my Heart's Desire
(A wandering singer) I
Have long been living too near the fire—
Were it not fitter to die?
I have loved the world and sung of the world,
And sought many a garden-close;
But I tire of them all; and my dream impearl'd
Is the soul of a Snow-White Rose!

OUR LOST HEAVEN

When Eve kissed Adam at Creation's Dawn,
And he confess'd her as his God-sent bride,
Love's Angel drove them with a sword swift-drawn,
To linger on the Garden's *outer* side !

Thenceforth Eternity was cleft in twain—
One half was Earth, one half was Paradise ;
Poor man recalls, forgets, recalls again,
And hourly feels an alien from love's skies !

But roses bloom, stars shine, and angel-feet
Tread softly o'er the ceiling up above :
The search for our lost Heav'n is very sweet,
And Poets call it by the name of *Love* !
The sweet, sweet name of *Love !*

LOVE'S PALACE

O, THE Life of a Bee is a wonderful thing—
To lodge with the lily, or dwell with the rose :
At an altar of crimson and gold he may sing,
Or rest in a cradle of ivory snows ;
There are halls of carnation, and mansions of green,
(With purest of perfumes for you and for me !)
And here he is rock'd by the fairies unseen—
So who would *not* envy the lot of the bee ?

Yet, rich as the life of the happiest of bees—
When folded to rest in the heart of a flow'r,
Or lull'd by the sighs of a faint summer breeze—
I find my best Heav'n, at day's cool closing hour,
Where dewdrops of Love in one heart ever shine,
Where sweetest of perfumes are shyly compress'd—
In my darling's warm bosom *Love's Palace* I find :
A refuge from sorrow—a haven of rest,
Love's wonderful Haven of Rest !

THE NECKLET OF CRIMSON CORAL

It is only the necklet of coral
He gave me that glad, sweet day,
Ere he held me, and kiss'd me, and left me
For his boat that stood far in the bay;
But, while nightingales sing in the silence,
From twilight till rise of the morn,
It will bear me away to that glad, golden day,
When love's rose in my breast was new-born!

O, my necklet of cheap crimson coral,
It stirs all my soul to bliss;
All the wonders and wealth of the Indies
Are as naught to a treasure like this!
It shall lie on my heart as a token,
While the stars in their peace smile above;
And these soft tears that flow are but proof that I know
My true knight pledg'd his Faith with his love!

BY FLOWING WATERS

Dancing and glancing and sparkling,
Great river, with waters of brown,
As you rush by the rolling hillside,
And dash the deep valleys adown—
Clinging, and flinging your foam-crests,
Tossing your waves in glee—
Won't you wait for an eager lover ?
Won't you stay just a moment for me ?
Dancing so free,
Past bramble and tree,
Glancing and sparkling away to the sea !

Dreaming and beaming and streaming
By meadow and fields at rest,
With the flow'rs and sweet tender blossoms
Lying asleep on your breast—
Singing and crooning a lull-song,
Steering all safe to the sea—
Will you wait for a tired wayfarer ?
Will you linger awhile for me ?
Sweet Rest to Be,
Where the winds blow free,
Dreaming and streaming at last to the sea !

OLD-WORLD GARDEN OF SUNBEAMS

Would you like to find the summer at its sweetest,
Where the world is full of gladness and of grace ?
Would you like to watch the martin at her fleetest ?
Hear the thrush fling pearls of music into space ?

With the blue skies arching o'er it,
Birds and butterflies adore it—
Sweet old mem'ries of the past it enfolds, and keeps them fast ;
There are laughter, light, and leisure
Without limit, without measure ;
Like the birds, I seek and love it, when the clouds gleam gold above it,
For it holds a treasure sweet :
(Shining eyes and dancing feet !)
Sweet glad place,
Full of grace—
Just my tiny Old-World Garden, with the sunbeams on its face !

Would you like to know where life is link'd to gladness ?
'Tis the spot I always seek for peace and rest :
Some one waits me, who has skill to soothe all sadness,
Some one whom I love the truest and the best !

With the blue skies arching o'er it,
Birds and butterflies adore it—
Sweet old mem'ries of the past it enfolds, and keeps them fast;
There are laughter, light and leisure,
Without limit, without measure;
Like the birds, I seek and love it, when the clouds gleam gold above it,
For it holds a treasure sweet:
(Shining eyes and dancing feet!)
Sweet glad place,
Full of grace—
Just my tiny Old-World Garden, with the sunbeams on its face!

TROPICAL SOLSTICE

The River has heard it and whisper'd the Bush;
The birds are awaking again—
All Nature is waiting; the breeze murmurs 'Hush!
I have brought you my Baby—the Rain!'

MOONLIGHT AND STARSHINE

Only a song in the moonlight pale,
But I love you, since then, I love you :
The sighing sob of a nightingale,
While our hearts stood still, and our cheeks grew pale,
With the deep desire of love's old sweet tale—
And I love you, since then, I love you !

Only the stars in soft brooding skies,
But I 'll love you, dear heart, for ever :
We kiss'd and we parted with tears and sighs,
And the unknown years hold our destinies—
But, since Love is Love, I have read in your eyes
You will love me, dear heart, for ever !

HOME YOU KEEP FOR ME

'Tis a tiny tumbled cottage
Down a green lane, long and sweet,
In a little old-world village,
Grass and moss beneath the feet;
It is neither grand nor splendid,
But I 'm happy as can be:
For I dwell with you, all the glad year through,
And you keep that home for me!

When I 'm working in the garden,
I can hear your sweet voice sing;
And when sunset fills the valley,
Bells at even softly ring.
Oft you tell me you are happy,
And I *know* I 'm glad and free—
Though life might be sad, it would seem just glad,
When you kept the home for me!

But the richest of our blessings
Is one dancing little elf:
Eyes like violets: cheeks like roses—
Just the image of yourself!
And her clinging, sweet caresses
Bind two hearts that aye agree—
While her glad clear voice makes our hearts rejoice,
In the home you keep for me!

YOUR DEAR HEART

I HAVE a sweet Garden of Beautiful Dreams,
With roses and lilies aglow;
When down on mine eyelids the slumber-call streams
Toward it all gladly I go.
Then softly the rhythm and glow of the night
Bring comfort that sleep holds apart—
Open'd there in my sight are the beauty and light
Of my Garden of Dreams:
Your dear heart!

And when, in my Garden of Beautiful Dreams,
You open all gateways to me;
When you give me its gleams, and its magical beams,
What wonder and rapture 'twill be!
For there, on its altars, my homage I 'll lay,
And hold you, no longer to part;
All the fragrance of flow'rs, all the honey of hours,
In my Garden of Dreams:
Your dear heart—
O Garden of Beautiful Dreams!

LOVER'S JOY

Could I define the starry pow'rs
That linger in her lovely face,
I 'd need the wealth of all the flow'rs,
The lonely beauty of night's grace ;
Or could I tell you how I heard
The music of her monotones,
I 'd need the song of ev'ry bird,
All Nature's gentlest moans !

Her thoughts are sweet as lavender ;
Her eyes are pools at twilight grey ;
Her youth sheds gladness ev'rywhere ;
Its mournful dreams dispel with day ;
Her feet are messengers of Love :
All peace in their small track may be,
She treads the mountains up above
In sweet humility.

Her heart dwells in Love's House of Dreams,
And there at dawn I turn mine eyes :
Could I but see those starry beams,
And share that perfect Paradise !
Each time I kneel, I cry aloud—
'This strange sweet soul was sent to me !'
The moon retreats behind a cloud
In virgin ecstasy—
But she was made by Love, for me !

SKYLARK

Beneath blue skies on summer morn,
From grass dew-wet, from flowers new-born,
Kiss'd by the ruddy lips of dawn,
I see the lark up-soaring :
O dauntless heart of singer sweet,
Racing so high on rapid feet,
The sky and earth you make to meet—
Heav'n's empyrean exploring !

Your melody while on the wing,
The charm that crowns your throat's deep spring,
As down to earth a lay you fling,
Oft fills my soul with yearning.
Your voice is neither deep nor strong,
But ah ! the rapture of your song,
The fancies fair that round me throng,
And set my heart a-burning !

I know your song is scarce of love :
You do not fondle like the dove,
Nor woo nor kiss in skies above ;
And yet these sounds beguiling
Are sweet to me as nightjar's cry
Of raptur'd bliss flung to the sky—
I feel no pang while you are nigh
To fill my mouth with smiling !

How well I know your sun-kiss'd breast,
Your cloudy wing, your garnish'd nest,
Your rich uprising after rest,
And all your ways endearing.
You are the lover of the rose,
You are the only one who knows
At what hour ope its eyes and close,
And worships, nothing fearing!

And when you climb your golden stair,
There 's mirth and music everywhere:
On earth and in the ambient air,
You tiny laughter-bringer!
What matter days be dark and frore,
You flood the weary spirit o'er
With tides of joy from warmer shore,
O too-sweet little singer!

I watch you drop to earth again,
And meekly wait, as if in pain,
As though from God you had been ta'en
By lack of firm endeavour.
O songster of another world,
How often have your wings been furl'd,
And back to us have you been hurl'd?—
Say, will you reach sun ever?

You teach us all that sound of song
Can charm the soul; and (late or long)
Can slay the stings of bitter wrong,
If we await God's pleasure.
You mount to sky on steely wings,
And prove that, while the nature sings,
There 's sun and sunrise *in all things*,
And love and light and leisure!

'Twas Love who gave you power of flight—
'Twas Love who fill'd your heart with light—
'Twas Love who gave you iris bright,
And music energetic;
The upward call of strong desire,
The backward leap, the averse retire,
The sighing throat, the heart of fire,
The song of Hope prophetic!

AT DAWN AND DUSK

When the dewdrop gleams on the op'ning rose,
In the hush of the morning grey ;
While the haunted brook in the silence flows,
Soft-echoing the words I say—
This is my pray'r
In the sweet cool air :
'God keep my love, to-day ! '

When the brooding stars to dim dream enfold
All the earth, for the moon's delight ;
While the lilies turn their pure hearts of gold
To the cloudland, clear and bright—
In my heart I pray :
'Till the dawn of day,
God bless my love, to-night ! '

HAVEN OF LOVE IN YOUR BREAST

Lost on life's desolate ocean,
Far from the shores of home,
Adrift on a sea of sorrow,
'Mid rocks and the angry foam :
You came with a heart undaunted,
You came with the balm of rest :
You found me, and saved me, and brought me
To a Haven of Love in your Breast !

Bound with the mem'ry of anguish,
Alone 'neath that awful sky,
Your courage remain'd unfearing,
As I lay in the dark to die ;
And your love in that cold wild blackness,
As I pray'd with a soul oppress'd,
Brought me back in the hush of the morning
To a Haven of Love in your Breast !

I fear not the long nights of sorrow,
I fear not the oceans of pain :
There are rifts in the clouds above me,
Sweet murmurs of peace again ;
Should night and the storm e'er surround me,
Your fond lips to my lips are press'd,
And you carry me safe in the sunrise
To a Haven of Love in your Breast !

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

If Dreams came true, I would not mind
How drearily the breezes blew,
Nor that the fates seem'd all unkind—
If Dreams came true!

I think of rapture and of you,
Of frail desire and plastic mind,
While tears blot all things from my view,
And aching fears my spirit bind!

My dearest hopes illusion find,
And sorrow stabs my mem'ry through,
But I should whistle with the wind,
If Dreams came true!

LOVE'S OFFERING

Take, sweetest heart, the homage pure I bring you,
For be my words snow-white, or grey and old,
Each solemn chord, each soaring note I sing you,
By *you* has first been told—

Told by you, dear, expressed by tender glances :
And when the night shall droop down like a pall,
I hope to know these frail and fragrant fancies
In silent love, best words of all !

J. M. Stuart-Young

FULFILMENT OF DESIRE

Once in a far-off Garden, where the lark's fresh song
Pealing at morn makes holy all the air,
Where Heav'n's Gold Gates are closed 'gainst sin and wrong,
And Life appears another name for Pray'r—
A little Soul, with phantom flash, sped down
On wings of white and red and azure fire :
He took a garb of flesh in Bethlehem Town—
And thus became Fulfilment of Desire !

SECRETS

I WANDER'D through the forest gloom,
And oh! the way was long!
But in the darkest glades was room
For secret of the Birds' Glad Song!

With laggard feet, o'er thorny ground,
I long'd to find repose;
And soon my weary spirit found,
The secret of the Perfum'd Rose!

I reach'd the open grassland, sweet
With winds that frolic'd by;
I found, where day and night-star meet,
The secret of the Sunset Sky!

But, dearer yet, ah! very dear,
When moon sped up above,
I found, as Home loomed very near
The secret of a Woman's Love!

SEA SERENADE

Lonely, the moon on our white sails is gleaming,
Fresh blows the breeze from the wide open sea ;
Here we go drifting, while pale stars are beaming,
Beaming for gladness on you and on me !

Clasp we the joy of the moment, forsaking
Pains of the past and of days that are sped :
Pleasure be ours for the choice and the taking,
To-morrow, to-morrow, we both may be dead !

White is your face in the starshine, my dearest,
Sweet is the silence, but dearer our love :
Kiss me once more ; for Love's Joys are sincerest—
Only the stars are our witness above !

SORROWS

For the night, the stars ;
For the day, the sun ;
For the soul, life's bars,
But the mind has none !

Sing, poet, sing
In saddest love-strain ;
To our souls solace bring
Again and again—
For man's sorrows, expressed,
With manifold woes,
Earn comforting rest,
And sunny repose !

The mind knows no bars ;
The heart has one cry—
Lift our souls to the stars,
Teach our sorrows to die !

ILLUSION

THE song of the thrush was sweeter
Far sweeter, love, to-day :
It thrill'd, and it keen'd, and it fill'd my soul,
Till it carried my heart away :
For its song seem'd like to an angel's
That into my senses grew :
I saw the streets of God's Heaven,
And the Angel . . . ah, sweet, 'twas *you* !

Herbert J. S. Carter.

THE CONFIDANT

WHEN the white moon has risen I may tell
My passion to the silence, and may kiss
Her pictured face. My bonds are loosed apart,
And I write down in surging lines the spell
Of my dear dreams ! Some day these memories
Shall meet her eyes—and I possess her heart !

WILL YOU COME BACK?

The twilight falls, and all the land lies still;
Gone is Love's golden day;
Your sweet voice calls me over dale and hill,
For you are far away;
The sun that touch'd with glory dale and hill,
Sinks in the solemn sea;
And O I call, now all the land lies still:
Will you come back to me?
Will you come back to me?

The grasses whisper secrets to the rill,
Love's night is gath'ring now;
Like silver lamps, the stars begin to fill
The space on tree-tops' brow;
With joy and pain my heart and spirit fill,
While night-winds wander free;
Love of my Life, your sweets of hope distil:
Say you 'll come back to me!
Say you 'll come back to me!

WAKING

Wake her again to the song that I sing,
O breeze o'er the bending corn,
Speak to her softly, and say that I bring
Homage at break of morn!

I, who have lov'd her, would meet her again;
Speak to her softly for me—
Press her pale brow, and so bring to my pain,
Solace and sympathy!

Wake her again, for I hold her so dear,
My one only hope is to be
Wrapp'd in her arms, with her soft cheek anear—
Tenderly, so tenderly!

GREEN PASTURE AND FIREGLEAM

When the morning glow was tender,
On the fields and on the streams,
You would dance in girlish splendour
Through a fairyland of dreams;
For your hair was bright and golden,
And it shone like ripened wheat,
While you sang of warmth and summer,
Of bright flowers and lightsome feet.

But anon the glooming shadows
Told the earth of coming *rain*,
And you walk'd the lonely meadows
With sad thoughts that gave you pain;
Yet, my darling, when the snowflakes
Fall upon your brow (and mine),
We shall have our cosy fireside,
Where the glow of love may shine,
Where our homelife joys may shine!

THE COMING YEARS

THERE 's blossom on the hawthorn-tree,
When your sweet lips mix with mine;
There 's song from ev'ry soaring lark
That cheers my soul like wine;
And well I know your heart beats true,
For Heav'n smiles from above,
And ev'rything in Nature round
Throbs Love—just sweet, sweet Love!

Time was, when not a single rose
Bloom'd on the earth beneath;
Time was, when not a star look'd down
To light my way to Death—
But now I know, that you and I
Are pledg'd, through joys and fears,
And happy, sweet, and golden days
Shall crown the Coming Years.

A SONG IN THE SILENCE

SING me a song of the silver seas,
Of peace and the evening star ·
Of the ships that steer for a haven near,
When the day is done, and calm night is here,
With the croon of a restful bar—
Sing me a song of the sea at rest,
For love in the silence is sweetest and best !

Sing me a song of the golden day,
When my love o'er the silver seas
Shall return to my heart from the Far Away,
And my lips shall tell all my heart would say,
To the sigh of the starlit breeze—
Sing me a song of the silver sea,
And carry my love in sweet dreams to me !

LOVE'S FLOWER—A LITTLE CHILD

Once I dream'd my heart was drawn
To the rose at dewy dawn,
Till I saw the lilies pure
Shine like stars that aye endure ;
Then I found no fairer fancies
Than those lent by purple pansies ;
And I woo'd the sunflow'r tall
Proud beneath my garden wall :
But I saw how frail and fleeting
Are earth's flow'rs when rains come beating—
So my heart was last beguil'd
By Love's Flow'r—
A Little Child !

She is rare as any rose,
How I love her, Love best knows !
In her pure and perfect face
Hide rich stores of fairy grace :
When her baby-voice goes singing
All the world with joy seems ringing
Rosy lips and blue-bell eyes,
Sweet with wonder and surprise :
Naught our kindred souls can sever,
She is yours and mine for ever—
Gift of God our hearts to woo,
Sent by Love—
From Heaven . . . and You !

HOW GOD MADE YOU FOR ME

Somewhere God took, where harvest fields were bending,
At break of day, and fresh with radiant dew,
A gleam of autumn gold . . . Then, with its blending
The crimson of poppies,
The red of the roses,
The dance of the daisies at dawn,
Earth's peace when the autumn closes,
The song of the lark to the sky—
And the low wind's lullaby,
He made the beauty, and the *outer form* of you !

Somewhere God took, where suns through aëons beckon,
Where planets in their orbits wheel on high,
Long rays of rosy light (those angels reckon
As Love's first impulse, made for smile or sigh)—
Then on clouds' fleetness
And the skies blue sweetness
He laid Love's pulsing fire ;
Birth, growth and dying ;
Then, softly sighing—
He added Divine Desire,
And earthward sent the pure white soul of you—
The human-immortal, *pure white soul* of you !

ANGEL OF STARSHINE

I KNEEL at my open casement, when the evening sun is low,
When the waves roll over the shingle, as they did in the Long Ago;
And I dream of the old sweet vision, making tears of rejoicing start,
When I first sought the mystical pathway, that leads to your tender heart!

Come to me, Angel of Starshine,
Speak from your Altar of Dreams;
Come, love, to me over the sea,
Come, while the moonlight gleams;
Come, for I worship you only,
Let the clear stars bear you home;
Come through the night, from your Mansions of Light,
O, my Angel of Starshine, come!

I dream of the happy moment, when we meet on Love's Golden Strand,
When our skies shall illumine with rapture, when birds sing on ev'ry hand;
For my love has been constant, unchanging, since I dream'd of your starlit eyes,
And I heard you speak over the silence, from your home in Paradise!

Come to me, Angel of Starshine,
Speak from your Altar of Dreams;
Come, love, to me over the sea,
Come, while the moonlight gleams;
Come, for I worship you only,
Let the bright stars bear you home;
Come through the night, from your Mansions of Light,
O, my Angel of Starshine, Come!

J. M. Stuart-Young.

YOURS AND MINE

THERE 's wealth within this world, that has no measure,
And it was made for you, and made for me :
Just heaps and heaps and *heaps* of priceless treasure,
If we would only train the soul to see !
The forest and the meadow and the mountain,
The dreaming oak, the elm, the whispering pine ;
The birds, the flowers, the stars, the springing fountain,
Are mine and yours, for ever yours and mine !

The waves of sunlight o'er the cornfield glancing ;
The dewy silence of the moorland shade ;
Laughter of children, in their joyful dancing—
And eyes that look on beauty, unafraid !
There 's glory in the world that none may barter—
And in the midst of pain man's soul may shine—
There 's Love and Hope and Faith : and by God's charter
This Love is yours, dear heart, just yours and mine !
Yours and mine !

LOVE'S VANITY

Do not forget me, though you deem me spurning
A golden dream of joys that may not be;
I have not got the art of easy learning:
Time will deal hard, deal very hard with me.
Do not forget me, though I leave no traces,
To prove how dear I prized your tenderness;
I shall feel sad among the smiling faces,
If *you* are over-sorry, 'mid Life's stress!

Do not forget me, though I may be leading
Another life, with 'some one else' for guide;
My heart is his, but memory will be feeding
On precious moments spent at your dear side.
O Love renounc'd, do not, do not forget me:
My soul is suffering more than words can tell;
I humbly pray that you will ne'er regret me,
For you, alone, had Gifts—
Had Gifts of Heaven and Hell!

SOUL OF REJOICING

I CRAVE not for wealth nor leisure,
In a world of sorrow and strife;
Nor fame, nor excess of pleasure—
But give me *Life*!

I ask not for depth of learning,
One talent 's enough for me;
But give me the lover's yearning,
And *Liberty*!

Let my prayer, through the starry region,
Peal high to the Throne above,
While I seek, from the angel-legion,
God's gift of *Love*!

And O, when the goal I 'm nearing,
And death is a friend in view;
When the mist from Life's valley is clearing,
May Heaven send me *you*,
Heaven send me *you*!

SWEET LITTLE NEST OF LOVE

Sad is my heart since you have gone away ;
The hours seem long to twilight of the day :
But when each setting sun brings moon and star
My thoughts go winging to our home afar !

I have built a nest for you : such a cosy little nest ;
'Mid the silver gleams,
And the starry beams
Of the night's enchanted breast ;
There all hearts are fain for love, as the moon shines up above,
And the wind creeps by
With a tender sigh
Through the leaves of the fragrant grove.
Won't you come, dear heart, and share, while the Spring is fresh and fair,
That sweet little nest
On the night's cool breast—
Just that Sweet Little Nest of Love !

Come with the night, and bring my heart again
Sweet golden dreams that conquer doubt and pain ;
Let twilight bear you home, and love will shine
Within our home, when you are ever mine !

I have built a nest for you ; such a cosy little nest ;
'Mid the silver gleams,
And the starry beams
Of the night's enchanted breast ;
There all hearts are fain for love, as the moon shines up above,
And the wind creeps by
With a tender sigh
Through the leaves of the fragrant grove.
Won't you come, dear heart, and share, while the Spring is fresh and fair,
That sweet little nest
On the night's cool breast—
Just that Sweet Little Nest of Love !

CASUAL PLEASURE

The moon has bared her ghostly face ;
The golden sun has set ;
Come, Love, to me at leisured pace,
With hair and eyes of jet.

Within the Bush the leopard calls,
And on this moonlit lake
A shadowy field of foliage falls,
Where idle ripples shake.

I am alone—but if you lend
The warmth of your young arms,
This Darkness shall be counted friend,
My erstwhile terrors, charms !

ALTHOUGH

Although you call'd across the years to me ;
Although I dwelt within a world of bliss ;
I had no joy : no rapture came to me,
Until I felt your kiss !

Although sweet roses grew around my feet ;
Although I knew the stars shone clear above ;
I dared not count my life, as life, complete,
Until I claim'd your love !

Although God's Grace in all things I discern ;
Although your eyes beam ever fond and true ;
My heart and soul with deep impatience burn,
Until I come to you—
To you !

YOUR INMOST SOUL

Ere the sunshine darkens
On my lonely way;
While the twilight hearkens
To sorrows of the day;
Let me come to you, dear,
From the world apart:
Find Love's fragrant dew, dear,
In your loving heart!

When the clear sky flushes
With our rising sun;
While your sweet face blushes
For pleasures, new begun:
Keep it sweet and free, dear,
Serene and pure and whole—
That little place for me, dear,
In your inmost soul!

JUST ONE

If you were me, and I were you,
I think I know what I would do—
I 'd find within your heart a place
Where I might dwell, by God's good grace :
If I were you, if I were you !

If I were you, and you were me,
One joyous song our life would be—
Each morn should wake our world to praise,
For love would lighten all our days :
If I were you, and you were me !

If you and I (just we alone)
Could share the one immortal throne,
I 'd bless the hour when first we met,
And pray Love's Star should *never* set,
For you and I—we both—would be
Just one, just one—
Just *one* !

J. M. Stuart-Young.

FORGETFULNESS

From break o' day to set o' sun, Life's long, long road we tread,
From rim o' sea to mountain's brow, from pearl o' sky to red;
There 's music for our marching feet, but ah! who dares dispute:
We never miss the bird's keen song,
Till the lovely notes are mute!

There 's beauty in each wayside hedge, new wonders for our eyes,
The stars have dropp'd from Heav'n above to seek a fresh disguise;
Each sense is touched by Nature's gifts, but ah! when all is said:
We never bless the perfum'd air,
Till the last, last rose lies dead!

When healthy blood is dancing free, and Youth delights to find
This world was built for lovers' joy, that Cupid's eyes are blind,
How sweet to hold the hands we love, but ah! how oft 'tis shown
We never prize the throbbing heart,
Till the dearly-belov'd is gone—
We never know Love's snow-white bird,
Till the Heart's Ideal has flown!

THE ONE HEART I LOVE

O, THIS is the time when earth's blossoms appear,
When all hearts fill with gladness and joy;
When birds sing with rapture at Spring's promis'd cheer,
And there 's fun in the mind of a boy—
Just a boy!

And this is the time when the wind, dancing by,
Sets the gossiping leaves all a-whirl;
When tears mate with laughter, and soft breezes sigh,
And there 's dreams in the soul of a girl—
Just a girl!

O, this is the time when our world is replete
With a harvest of rich treasure-trove;
When Hope is all golden, and Life is all sweet,
For there 's Love in the heart I love—
Just the heart I love!

ANGEL-CARESSES

I KNOW a lonely, lonely grave, in a garden cool and deep;
Where foxglove and green grasses wave, and 'some one' lies asleep,
At morn awakes the summer sun, and all the crimson air
Is fragrant with day-dreams and dew, for Love and Hope dwell there,
For Love and Hope dwell there!

I need not burden my sad heart, nor count the moments pass,
My love has found the better part, beneath the waving grass;
And well I know that as I kneel, a silent worshipper,
Her spirit-lips my kisses feel, and I am one with her—
Forever one with her!

MATE OF MY HEARTHSTONE

Men may boast in tuneful measure,
Pride of blood, or pomp of wealth—
Let us keep our humble treasure :
Peace of mind, and buoyant health ;
May our days in easy motion,
Lit by love and duty, glide ;
While we share that sweet emotion,
Prattling children by our side—
Mate of my Hearthstone,
Love of my Home !

Men may boast of fame and power—
(Each true heart its heaven knows) :
Cosy fireside, with its dower,
Children's smiles at even's close.
Hearts and souls, in sweet communion,
Hold the joys we knew of yore—
You are mine, by God's own union :
Mine and *theirs* for evermore !
Mate of my Hearthstone—
Love of my Home !

LAND OF YOUR LOVE-LIT EYES

I KNOW a Land of the Heart's Desire,
A land where the lily all-humbly blows;
Where violets bloom in their sweet attire,
And red is the regal rose;
There are no clouds to stain the perfum'd air,
Anthems of love and praise for ever rise:
Life is all sweet, and joy is complete,
In the Land of your Love-lit Eyes!

I love this land of my Heart's Desire,
The land where all pleasures and glories are;
And O, how dear is each forest fire,
That beacons me like a star!
I have no hope, no sweeter hope than this:
To live and reign in that fair Paradise—
Enter as King, all my tributes bring
To the Land of your Love-lit Eyes,
To the Land of your Love-lit Eyes!

WHO SAILS FOR ARLECAN?

To sail, to sail for Arlecan,
Love's Island, fram'd in gold;
To know myself three times a man,
And true as I am bold;
To rove as roves the rhythmic rain,
And reach my Mena's side;
To cross again the wide, wide main,
And claim my bonny bride!
To Arlecan! To Arlecan!
Who comes with me to-day?
Who claims the heritage of man,
Who sails from out the bay?
Across the world to Arlecan,
While stars swoon high above:
Hull down, hull down for Arlecan,
For Life and Light and Love!

The whole world longs for Arlecan,
My pearl of all the seas:
To every maid and every man
Come dear desires like these!
O sail with me for that sweet place,
Bless'd by Love's magic dew,
Where everything knows God's Good Grace,
And all our dreams come true!

To Arlecan ! To Arlecan !
Who comes with me to-day ?
Who claims the heritage of man—
Who sails from out the bay ?
Across the world to Arlecan,
While stars swoon high above :
Hull down, hull down for Arlecan,
For Life and Light and Love !

EYES OF LOVE

Since God has shown me how the changing leaf
Is pledge of Spring, and fair beyond belief,
With faith in life I seek earth's treasure-trove ;
I see through eyes of love !

Since I have found the glory of the rose ;
Since I have seen how glad the hawthorn blows,
With fervent hope I lift mine eyes above :
I see through eyes of love !

Since you are mine, and ev'rything to me,
No more shall doubt or pain encompass me—
God keep me true, and all my honour prove :
I see through eyes of love ;—
Your love !

FLOWER ORCHARD

If I were the opening rose, dear,
And you were the bee, athirst,
My leaves I would seek to close, dear,
On the mouth that had met mine, first :
And O, what delight, at love's eventide,
When the stars smil'd down
On small groom and bride !

If I were the song unsung, dear,
As the lark sped to greet the sun,
I would lie in the breeze outflung, dear,
And drink each new note begun :
Till the bird sank earthward, in search of rest,
And then I would share
Its enchanted nest !

If I were the Source of Life, dear,
And you were, as yet, asleep,
I would call you to love and strife, dear,
From that vast pre-natal deep :
Your soul would be link'd to my ev'ry breath,
For we would be one,
In both life and death !

POPPIES AND CORNFLOWERS

Away in the cornfield, when daylight was done,
I met a sweet maiden so shy and forlorn;
She came through the poppies, once red in the sun,
But now sunk in slumber till break of the morn:
And O, I was fain, as my heart beat the while,
For the gleam of her eyes, and the lure of her smile!

And I cried, 'Pretty maiden with tresses of brown,
Red cheeks like the poppies, and eyes cornflow'r blue,
Please say where you 're going? It can't be to town!
I would I were roaming these dim fields with you!
And O, for one kiss from your mouth like a rose:
Perhaps you will give it? Who knows, dear, who knows?'

Her sweet eyes gaz'd downward; I stood in her way,
And show'd how the path led away to the sea.
'A kiss for the forfeit, you really must pay—
You 're walking the pathway belonging to me!'
And O, how she blush'd, and with soft finger-tips
Protected the flow'r of her red rosy lips!

One moment I held her: one moment, then she
Had sped like a moonbeam through poppies and wheat;
And she cried o'er the silence all softly to me,
As she danced down the hillside on footsteps so fleet—
'No forfeit I paid you! Your luck was amiss!
For *I* gave no kisses—'twas *you* paid the kiss!'

DECEMBER AND MAY

I LOV'D you first, when all our skies were clear,
In life's sweet May, or ere a dark December
Our fields had sown with bitterness and fear—
Yet I remember :
When fortune frown'd, and friends seem'd never near,
Your lips were warm with kisses ;
For you were constant, tender, true and dear :
And so to-day
I softly say,
No joy in life like this is—

To remember in December,
Under winter skies,
Gleams of laughter, sorrow after,
In your loving eyes ;
By the fireside's glowing ember,
Two lives link'd for aye,
And sweet love, in dark December,
True—as once in May !

You lov'd me first, when life stood at its Spring ;
You love me yet, as years go onward stealing.
The happy birds, with throbbing bosoms, sing
Your love revealing ;

No sweeter song the coming years can bring,
While stars shine clear above me :
Love's old sweet song, forever carolling,
Toward the dawn
Of Heav'n's glad morn,
That tells the world you love me !

I remember in December,
Under winter skies,
Gleams of laughter, sorrow after,
In your loving eyes,
By the fireside's glowing ember
Two lives link'd for aye,
And sweet love, in dark December,
True—as once in May !

COME BACK AGAIN

Come back again, my own first love, I miss you—
Our childish troth, unvex'd of sighs or tears;
Roses of Memory, how I long to kiss you,
And guard your fragrance thro' the changing years!
Those golden notes to which I used to listen,
From your dear voice, singing to me alone—
Come back in dreams, while tears of gladness glisten,
And deepest sorrow into peace has grown!
Come back again!
Dear love of youth—I cannot live without you:
Bring me Love's guerdon, and come back again!

Come back again—from the clear heav'ns above me,
I hear the skylarks, climbing in the blue;
I claim your friendship, know you still must love me,
And I am friend and lover, always true!
I watch Life's Tide, its stealthy marches making,
But know its waves at last must bear you home;
Come back again—my heart is well-nigh breaking,
Let patience justify love's vigils—come!
Come back again!
Dear love of youth—I cannot live without you:
Bring me Love's guerdon, and come back again!

DEAR SON O' MINE

Dear Son o' Mine, sweet gift that God has sent me,
Love's blossom rare, that came from skies above,
I hold you in my arms,
With all your baby charms,
And O, I prize the treasure Heav'n has lent me—
These laughing eyes, like those of my true love :
Dear Son, dear Son o' Mine !

When duty called, my true love had to leave me ;
He linger'd not, for he was brave and true ;
He held you to his breast,
And kiss'd your eyes to rest ;
But, Son o' Mine, this parting shall not grieve me,
For he has left Love's Pledge of Faith in you,
Dear Son, dear Son o' Mine !

ROSES ON THE PATH

In all our lives there is some hidden sorrow ;
But do not mourn, while love lights one fair face :
Earth's flow'rs must bloom—and though they fade to-morrow,
Sweet roses, sweeter still, will take their place !

In all our joys there is a shade of sadness ;
But bravely sing, and scorn to grieve or sigh ;
God's lilies dream their pure white dreams of gladness,
So dream we, dream we on, until we die !

To loving hearts this pledge of faith is given ;
To earnest souls there comes one promise true :
God rules in love, and all the way to Heaven
Love's sweetest roses grow—for me and you !

LET LIFE BE LIKE A FLOWER

Sure, a Garden is the loveliest thing that God has placed on earth :
For there, at noon, the bees are found, their perfum'd traffic booming;
And my larkspur and my lavender were born for joy and mirth,
So in my heart, my grateful heart, I 'll keep earth's blossoms blooming !

Let Life be like a flower of simple honest hue,
That knows but *one* home-bower, content with sun and dew ;
That has no cause for worry, no reasons to pretend,
But, 'mid all noise and flurry, owns God as Guide and Friend !

Sure, a Garden is the sweetest thought that fell from Heaven above :
My flowers have names, whose magic sounds are charms that sorrows sever ;
And its haunted air at nightfall fills my life with light and love,
So in my soul, my sane sweet soul, its fragrance dwells for ever !

Let Life be like a flower of simple honest hue,
That knows but *one* home-bower, content with sun and dew ;
That has no cause for worry, no reasons to pretend,
But, free from noise and flurry, owns God as Guide and Friend !

KINGDOMS

(AFTER THE PERSIAN)

KINGDOMS may fall, and kingdoms rise,
But somewhere waiteth in this world for me
A lonely soul, with yearning eyes,
Each knowing each in splendid loyalty!

So move our hearts, thro' weary hours,
Waiting the gladsome day, the perfect goal—
When morn shall bring its fragrant flow'rs,
And deathless soul shall wait on deathless soul!

YOU AND ME

Spring on the boughs that sway and sigh
To the playful breezes that frolic through ;
Fleecy white clouds in an April sky,
And peace in the mind of you !

The joy of June on each hedgerow small,
Where roses dream of the rain and dew ;
A sleepy sun that broods o'er all,
And love in the heart of you !

The twilight hour of a lover's tryst,
When hush'd is all Nature's revelry ;
Two tender lips that wait to be kiss'd,
And joy in the soul of me !

LOVE'S MIRACLE

When she is near
How sweet appear
All natural things !
My glad heart sings ;
And every flow'r
Marks gladder hour
For me, and dear
Is earth's glad cheer,
When she is near !

The fields are rife
With Love and Life ;
Each bird makes croon
In joyous tune ;
Each insect sings
On silver wings—
Ah ! life is sweet
In every beat,
When she is near !

When she is gone
I dwell upon
Grey natural things :
No sweet-throat sings.
Dark seems earth's sky,
And sad am I ;

The lonely hours
Are void of flow'rs
When she is gone!

O, love be near,
Be *ever* near,
So song and word
From flow'r and bird
May always be
Our litany—
Love's litany!

DESIRE

O'ER thorny ground on weary feet
Long had I sought for rest;
I did not deem Life's roses sweet,
Nor claim Love for my guest:
Then, in your eyes, your loving eyes,
I found Life's sweet and best!

I do not come with great desires,
But peaceful as a dove;
Lift, lift my gaze to starry fires,
Where shine God's lamps above;
Since you are giv'n to me by Heav'n,
I plead for your dear love!

MY BOOK

I HAVE a volume that I daily read,
A volume stor'd with thoughts immaculate;
And here I find the Magic that I need
To light my lonely life to happier state!

Its messages for me are purest gold:
They harness doubt upon the road to death;
Each word becomes more beauteous to behold,
As heart and brain look on with bated breath!

This garner'd beauty is all mine to read,
All mine to cherish, mine alone for ever;
'Tis here I find the soul's supremest need,
Within the book that Death alone can sever—
Sweet, full of grace—
The beauteous pages of my darling's face!

LOVER'S JOY

Had I the lily's whiteness, and the rose's sweet surrender,
I would robe you, dear, some morning as the Mistress of the Flow'rs;
Had I the tints of autumn, and the ocean's starry splendour,
I would crown you in my gladness Queen of Life's Exquisite Hours!

Had I the nightjar's sorrow, 'neath the full moon's golden glory,
I would touch your heart to laughter and a rush of sudden tears;
Had I the south wind's whisper, and the river's solemn story,
I would make your soul a Casket for the Glory of the Years!

ONLY ONE HOUR

Only one little hour
From love and my dear old home ;
Only one little hour
Or ever I cease to roam !

There 's a sob in the sounding rain,
And a wail in the wind o'er the sea ;
But they dance a measure of joy in my brain,
For I 'm coming at last to thee !

I gaze on the nearing shore,
Where we parted that last sweet day ;
And I know we are meeting to part no more,
And our love will endure for aye !

I come with the Spring and the flow'rs ;
I come, O my heart, o'er the sea ;
No need to count longer the tarrying hours—
For I 'm speeding to home and to thee !

Only one little hour
From love and my dear old home ;
Only one little, one little hour,
Or ever I cease to roam—
O, I 'm speeding to Love, and Home !

SOMETIMES

Sometimes I hark
The first rich rapture of the soaring lark :
My heart and mind rejoice,
Thinking I hear your voice !

Sometimes I thrill
At frail, sweet beauty of the daffodil :
My eyes grow dim the while,
Thinking I see you smile !

Sometimes I yield
My soul to God in glowing harvest-field :
The proud, free poppy, too,
Is redolent of you !

Sometimes I kiss
(No longer needing Nature's alien bliss !)
Your brow, your hands, your hair :
For my true heav'n lies there—
My Heav'n of Heav'ns lies there !

SORROW AND SONG

THERE 's never a song in the twilight
But some one's sad heart knows its pain ;
There 's never a flow'r in the sunlight
But some one's tired eyes smile again !
There 's never a breeze on the hill-top,
But some healing wing is unfurl'd ;
There 's never a star shines in heav'n,
But some silver gleam lights the world !
Thank the Lord for loving,
Thank the Lord for life !

There 's never a gloomy horizon
But sunset has skill to adorn ;
There 's never a lark in the meadow
But greets with its heart-song the morn !
There 's never a mist on the valley
But tells of the mountains above ;
And God gives to each of His creatures
A task of thanksgiving and love—
So, thank the Lord for loving,
Thank the Lord for life !

LYNETTE

Lynette, Lynette, O where have you gone ?
Why have you left me alone, Lynette,
With only my mem'ries to live upon ?
Lynette, Lynette, I can never forget !—
Can never forget your blue-speedwell eyes,
With never a shadow of pain or regret ;
But you fled me beneath the clear moonlit skies—
O, why did you leave me, Lynette, Lynette ?

Lynette, Lynette, with the lips of red,
And the snowdrop cheeks : of such exquisite hue ;
I lov'd you or ever our hopes lay dead,
Ah ! how can I live—if I now lose you ?
You grew weary of happiness, longed for 'life,'
You are gone on a quest of anguish and fret,
Come back to my heart, my dream-sweetheart, my wife,
Lynette, I am crying for you, Lynette—
Come back, come back, Lynette !

BY THE WATERS BLUE

For what are you watching, you sweet little maid,
As you sit by the waters blue ?
Do you wave your hand to a mystic strand
In the Country of Dreams Come True ?
As you dream your dreams of a heart's content,
And you gaze o'er the deep, deep foam,
In the morning mist, is your sweet mouth kiss'd
By a sailor—who ne'er comes home ?

For whom are you waiting, you dear little maid,
With your eyes on the Far Away ?
Will you dream of me in the years to be,
And remember the glad To-day ?
From your dainty head to your dancing feet,
And your eyes of the deep sea-blue,
I will love you well—won't you let me tell
All my joy : all my love for you ?

SWEET LOVE

Sweet Love 's a rose
That blooms alway
In garden-close
At dawn of day;
For all who will
Seek solitude,
When nights are still,
Sweet Love 's a mood!

O pluck the rose
Ere day be spent:
Its rich repose
Gives glad content;
Seek Love and Life—
Inhale them deep:
Farewell to strife,
Hail, Rest! Hail, Sleep!

REUNION

Only the frail faded flow'r,
Once wet with the rain and the dew
Of that glad sweet day,
When our world was May,
And I told my love to you!

The flow'r I plucked for your breast,
As we stood by the hawthorn tree,
While the birds above
Heard me tell my love,
And you kiss'd the red rose for me!

Parted for long weary years:
But the mem'ry of that sweet kiss,
And the token we pass'd
Bears us safe at the last
To the haven of love and bliss!

Here is the morn of our love,
The dawn of a Dream come True:
And the rose of our rest
By heaven's joy will be blest,
As I kneel to thank God—for you!

OUR HOME BY THE SEA-GIRT HILL

The stately ships, the deep blue skies, dear heart,
The world we knew, so full of peace and rest—
To-day, alas! there shines no sun apart,
Until you come to me in that sweet little nest!
Back to the dreams we used to dream
In our home by the silver sea;
Back to the sunlight, the rain, the dew
Of the Days that Used-to-Be:
'Mid the fragrant air and the verdure fair,
I wait with a fond heart still—
For my heart is true, and I long for you
In our Home by the Sea-girt Hill!

I wait for you, while waters on the bar
Make sad, sad moan, and days seem long and drear;
And well I know, the night with moon and star
Proclaims the golden dawn that brings you ever near!
Back to the dreams we used to dream
In our home by the silver sea;
Back to the sunlight, the rain, the dew
Of the Days that Used-to-Be:
'Mid the fragrant air and the verdure fair
I wait with a fond heart still—
For my heart is true, and I long for you
In our Home by the Sea-girt Hill!

LOVE'S INNER SHRINE

In every human heart that beats
There lives one secret shrine,
And here the ardent spirit greets
A holier love divine;
Ah! sweetest friend, forget, forget
Past promises, untrue,
And know my soul its lamp has set
Before Love's shrine for you—
Alone for you.

Love's purest thoughts go all unspoken;
Love's noblest tears most bitter flow;
Ah, take my life as steadfast token
Of love unchang'd from long ago!

Unwittingly I stray'd away
From that pure ray within;
Unlatch'd my sanctuary lay
To every cruel sin;
But, sweetest friend, forgive, forget
Those days of grief and care;
I kneel before our altar yet:
Come in and tarry there—
O tarry there!

Love's purest thoughts go all unspoken ;
Love's noblest tears most bitter flow :
Take, then, my life as steadfast token
Of love unchang'd from long ago—
I love you now, as long ago !

GREY EYES OF DREAMS

When life is sad, I hold you close to me,
Our world around is like a stormy sea ;
But with your hand in mine, dear,
And those grey eyes that shine, dear,
I care not, no, I care not, how hard my lot may be—
O dear grey eyes of dreams,
Where all my glory beams,
And love and life are lit alone for me !

When feast is o'er, and all my life is sad,
Give me your love, for Love can make me glad ;
Earth's flow'rs may cease to bloom, dear,
Before lie winter's gloom, dear,
But I care not, no, I care not, if I can only see
Those dear grey eyes of dreams,
Where all my glory beams,
And happiness returns again to me !

SWEET SEVENTEEN

When Tiny Tess was six or seven
She danced as the flow'rs in the winds of heaven ;
Blue eyes a-gleam ; bright hair set free ;
And toes a-twinkle in revelry—
And when her baby voice went singing
'Twas like clear fountains of waters springing—
When Tiny Tess was six or seven,
And near, ah very near, to Heaven !

Now Tess, sweet Tess, is maiden-wise :
There 's wonder and love in her brooding eyes ;
Behind her are Springs that count seventeen,
And she waits Prince Charming (or so I ween !)
For when she sings, her voice, revealing,
Is full of passion and tender feeling—
Now sweet seventeen has made her wise . . .
For Tess is waiting Love's dearest prize—
There 's love in her brooding eyes !

CONNEMARA'S FAIRY GLEN

Up Connemara's mountain side, and down her golden glen,
You 'll find, among the mist and dew, a host of Little Men :
They dance around in mazy rings ; they sing a wondrous song—
' Come out, come out, you lazy folk, and join our merry throng ! '

Little people, fairy people,
Elf and sprite and fay,
Happy people, jolly people,
Calling at break o' day,
' Come out, come out, and play ! '

O Connemara's mountain side and Connemara's glen
Hold lures of mystic melody for dreamers among men :
Youth dances in that golden dew, and tells how vain the strife,
Unless with dreams and fairy-lore we weave the web of life.

Little people, fairy people,
Elf and sprite and fay,
Happy people, jolly people,
Calling at break o' day,
' Come out, come out, and play !—
Come out, come out, and play ! '

LIOSHA

I WANDER thro' the world on bleeding feet,
In winter's cold, or summer's burning heat;
But I am call'd by thy voice, by thy voice low and sweet
Liosha, my lov'd one, Liosha, my own.
In alien tents amid the desert sands,
'Neath Southern Cross, or in lone tropic lands,
Ever I wait thy loving out-stretch'd hands,
Liosha, my lost one, O call me back to thee.

'Mid leafy palms, this little halting space,
Illum'd by love, seems an enchanted place,
For yonder beams the glory, the glory of thy face:
Liosha, my lov'd one, Liosha, my own.
O Life in Death, and death that would be bliss,
Star on my path, I only ask for this—
To meet at last the rapture of thy kiss,
Liosha, my lov'd one, Liosha, my lost one,
O call me back to thee, O call me back to thee.

Claude Sutherland.

DEAD ROSES

Dead roses are always dead roses :
Nor grief, nor tears can make them bloom again,
E'en though the Spring, its bosom full of posies,
Follows the snow, with sunshine after rain.
Our sweetest songs must fade into the distance ;
Youth's golden dreams will not for ever stay ;
Lips we have loved are chill'd by Time's insistence,
When night falls dark upon Life's little Day !

Be trustful, sad soul, in thy sorrow :
There is no Loss, where only Death is dead ;
Our dearest dreams shall all come true To-morrow,
When Doubt and Pain their final words have said.
Sustain'd by God's most wonderful compassion,
The Tide of Being ever onward flows—
Soon we shall know, in Heav'n's diviner fashion,
Love's perfect fragrance—the *Undying* Rose !

BECAUSE I LOVE

I do not need trained eyes to worship you,
For eyes of love see ev'ry 'loving' view:
Once life was dark; now all my skies are blue—
I see . . . because I love!

I do not ask for keenness of the ear:
The ears of love all 'loving' sounds can hear;
Faith, Hope, and Love, make all my senses clear—
I feel . . . because I love!

I do not crave for any deeper test:
The truest love is always lowliest;
You hold my heart; to God I leave the rest—
I know . . . because I love!

CHILDHOOD DREAMS

Oft by the dying ember
When the sun slopes to the west,
I remember, I remember,
Songs that soothed a child to rest—
Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top ;
Ride a Cock-Horse to Banbury Cross.
Such a wee little man with great sleepy eyes,
As he watch'd the dim twilight gather and rise—
Ah ! I wonder if you still look down from the skies,
O mother, dear mother o' mine !

O when the shadows flicker
On my lonely chamber wall,
Ever thicker, ever thicker,
Dreams of old around me fall—
How many miles to London Town ?
Can we get there by candle-light ?
The years that creep onward are those that once ran,
But the heart is the same, since his life first began,
And he 's still your wee baby, although a big man—
O mother, dear mother o' mine !

LOVE'S GIFTS

To some Love lends a pathway strewn with roses,
To some the thorny way;
To some Love gives a heart where peace reposes,
To some she sends dismay.

Recall, dear soul, when life seems full of sorrow,
And winter steals the flow'rs,
Man has the hope of one sweet golden morrow,
In Love's prophetic hours!

To some Love calls in accents full of gladness;
To some, in terms that blind;
But blest are they, who when their hearts have sadness
Know God—and Love . . . behind!

THE PROPOSAL

Suppose I told you that I love you, dear,
Suppose I said my love was pure and true;
And I laid my loving dreams before you,
Fragrant with morning dew—
Would you my gift despise, dear,
Would you my love eschew?
Would you refuse me, or would you choose me?—
If my heart I gave to you,
If my heart I gave to you!

Suppose you told me that you love me, dear,
Suppose you said your love was true as gold,
And you placed your gentle hands in mine, then,
Love's treasure—*mine*—to hold—
Should I the Gift not prize, dear,
Should I not honour'd be?
With love divine, heav'n would be mine,
If your heart you gave to me,
If your heart you gave to me!

GLORY OF THE WORLD

Sweet Rose, with shy soft leaves uncurl'd,
Blooming for all to see—
Thy name is Glory of the World,
And lovers worship thee.

Fair flow'r of maiden Womanhood,
Living alone for me—
Thou art so pure and proud and good,
I am inspired by thee!

Sweet Rose, Fair Maid, 'tis true, alas!
Ye both must change and die—
But beauteous thoughts to deeds may pass,
And Love rules earth and sky!

LOVE WOVE A SONG

Love wove a song, a song of hope found sleeping—
A song of bitter sighs;
I listen'd to her message, wildly weeping,
Her mournful melodies,
Her solemn litanies!

'You were my Hope, and I did once adore you:
Prone at your shrine my dearest thoughts I laid:
Sweet frankincense and myrrh, pure oils I burn'd before you—
I trusted Heav'n, and could not be afraid!'

Love wove a song, a song of wistful sorrow,
And sang me fast asleep—
Ah! let me dream! Have dreams not pow'r to borrow
The peace that Death may keep?
Ah! let me dream, and lose this world-old sorrow—
Love grant me sleep,
Love grant me sleep!

Loving are your eyes, as o'er us darkness deepens ;
Tender is your touch, now Night is drawing near ;
Purer are your lips, and sorrow only sweetens,
O comrade dear, O comrade dear !

Black may grow the vale, but see ! the hill-top brightens,
And, guiding us along, shines out one glorious star :
Take, dear heart, my hands, for we must go *together*,
O comrade dear,
Where Love and Glory are !

THE DAYS OF LIFE

This glad New Year
Is not too long
For joy and cheer; for youth's bright song.
Our moments pass,
Ah! pass away—
And soon, alas! the night must follow day!

One thrilling breath
Is ours—no more!
For soon King Death reaps golden store.
Ah, then, breathe strong;
Pluck life's fresh bloom,
We rest, ere long, within th' unmemoried tomb!

A LOVER'S QUEST

My love is like a fragrant flow'r,
Planted by God on earth to glow
With perfume of one fleeting hour
Beside the path my feet must know :
A blushing rose, a red, red rose,
With heart of dear and sweet delight ;
Content to bloom in garden-close,
And lend relief to human sight !

My love is like a golden song,
To cheer the heart when I am sad,
A rising cadence, pure and strong,
That makes the sound of music glad :
Notes, choral sweet, and free as fire,
Sounds like sweet sighs in golden air,
That fill the soul with great desire,
And bend the knees in earnest pray'r !

My love is like a guiding star,
Set, over clouds, to glow and shine,
A cheering beacon from afar,
That warms the heart like richest wine :
Let Love be all my song and praise,
While life is mine and fleeting breath :
Oh, may she light my ling'ring days—
For I am hers in life and death !

LITTLE HILLSIDE COTTAGE

THERE is a climbing sunlit path that leads
Toward deep skies of blue,
Where in the hedge the rich and red rose bleeds,
And lilies dream of you ;
And there is found a spot enchanted,
Made only for you and me,
Where love reigns supreme, and life is a dream,
In our little Hillside Cottage,
Our little Hillside Cottage
That overlooks the sea !

And when the world seems dark with pain and tears,
I turn my eyes again
Toward the hills that brighten all my years,
Like sunshine after rain ;
And then I hear sweet songs at twilight,
Sung only for you and me :
Where life is divine, and love always mine,
In our little Hillside Cottage,
Our little Hillside Cottage
That overlooks the sea !

FOR YOUR SWEET SAKE

In golden summer weather
You told me all your dreams,
We pluck'd love's rose together,
Where Spring in glory gleams :
Now you are far away, by night as well as day,
I have no comfort but my dreams.

I wake, dreaming of you ev'ry morning,
Of those sweet golden days that are to be,
When the seed that I bear in my bosom of care
Shall blossom for you and for me :
Then I stray through our Garden of Mem'ry,
Where we kiss, as the glad birds awake,
In clear anthems of love to the sunshine above :
And I 'm happy—for your sweet sake !

Soon, soon you 'll be returning :
My dreams have told me so,
And, with what rapture burning,
I read their golden glow :
When at the day's long close I pluck Love's new-born rose,
And love, and you, together, grow !

I wake, dreaming of you, ev'ry morning,
Of those sweet golden days that are to be,
When the seed that I bear in my bosom of care
Shall blossom for you and for me :

Then I stray through our Garden of Mem'ry,
Where we kiss, as the glad birds awake,
In clear anthems of love to the sunshine above
And I 'm happy—for your sweet sake !

Dorothy Forster.

MORNING

How beautiful is the morning,
When the fragrant promis'd day
Is heralded by tints of apple-green ;
When no mists obscure the valley,
And a throstle far away
Carols clearly o'er the fields that lie between !

Such an austere regal pureness
Later hours may not retain :
The heart leaps up in rapture and surprise ;
The moon is a faded mirror,
And like moths the stars are slain
In the orange fires that light the brooding skies !

LOVE'S NEEDS

I NEED one woman's gentle face to cheer me,
When Life is sad ;
One smiling mouth, two beaming eyes anear me,
To make me glad.
When she is nigh, a glowing heart I bear,
That makes this world a garden, fresh and fair !

I need one voice, one tender voice, to thrill me,
To soothe my ear !
Ah ! when it sings my joy would seem to kill me,
It is so dear ;
In my sad heart it lilts like captured birds,
That sing for very joy, and want no words !

I need one soul, one woman's soul, beside me,
When I 'm in grief !
No other star I ask from God to guide me,
Or give relief—
No dearer joy in Heav'n I 'd crave than this :
To waken to the rapture of her kiss !

LITTLE SIX-YEARS-OLD

CHILD, what art thou ? In thine eyes
Dwells the light of Paradise ;
Lips that are like roses red,
Crown of gold upon thy head ;
White of lily on thy brow,
Cheeks that answer summer's vow ;
Such a charming picture yet
Artist's brush did ne'er beget !

Little feet and fairy grace,
Dreaming, tender baby-face ;
With those looks so arch and wise,
Mingled triumph and surprise ;
Supple limbs so rarely still,
And sweet mirth that long hours fill ;
Baby, there could never be
Flow'r so pure and sweet to see !
Flower that blooms alone for me !

HOME AGAIN

In our little cottage gateway
I stand watching for you, dear,
While the ev'ning bells are ringing,
And the sleepy birds sing near ;
Silver stars will soon be shining,
As the twilight dims to grey :
And I wonder, are you coming,
Are you coming home to-day ?

Coming home ! Coming home !
When the clouds to crimson burn,
All glad loving things return—
Over forest, field and foam ;
Coming home ! Coming home !
Back to Love's old sweet refrain,
In our cottage down the lane,
Are you coming, heart's desire—
Are you coming home again ?

And our little garden waits you,
With its roses rich and rare ;
Beds of white and purple pansies,
Lenten lilies, pure and fair ;

Will the night with star and moonbeam
Bless this longing heart of mine ?
Hasten homeward, O heart's dearest—
Bring me dreams of joy divine !

Coming home ! Coming home !
When the clouds to crimson burn,
All glad loving things return—
Over forest, field and foam ;
Coming home ! Coming home !
Back to Love's old sweet refrain
In our cottage down the lane,
Are you coming, heart's desire,
Are you coming home again ?

WIND AND REED

Wet palm trees, black against the sky :
An empty vault of sullen grey ;
The river racing madly by,
And my Homeland far away !

Green palm trees, burgeoning again :
A hint of warmth, birds' carol clear ;
The river's musical refrain,
And my Homeland drawing near !

JUST YOU

God cherish'd a Rose, as a token—
A blossom still wet with the dew—
And Love, in that silence unbroken,
Help'd make it an Emblem—for you!
A dream of delight and bright blisses
God placed in its heart of pure gold;
While with fragrance of joy and sweet kisses
Love made each soft petal unfold!

God and Love took the Rose from their garden
When the morning of life was all glad:
Ere its beauty could vanish or harden,
They sent it as joy for the sad;
'Twas *I* claim'd the Rose, pure and perfect,
To cherish my lonely life through;
And O, in my heart I still wear it—
My red Rose, that sweet Rose—
Just you!

AN ISLAND PARADISE

WHERE morning-glories are in bloom
Beside quaint mosque and minaret,
The white walls gleam—the shadows gloom—
And feather'd palms of green are set.
'Tis blossom-time each live-long day,
And near a leafy lane I know,
In that fair Island far away
Watch two bright eyes, with love aglow—
In Zanzibar,
Sweet Zanzibar!

Land of the clove-fill'd bright Bazaar,
'Tis blossom-time in England too;
But how you haunt me from afar
With golden mem'ries, old yet new!
My ev'ry pulse is fain rejoice,
Though sea be wide, though road be long:
I hear my true love's crooning voice,
And I must answer to her song—
In Zanzibar,
Our 'Paradise,'
In quaint, sweet Zanzibar!

YOU BROUGHT ME ROSES

You once brought me crimson roses,
When the larks to heav'n went winging,
And the merry, merry squirrels
Frolic'd through the golden wood;
And my happy, happy bosom
With deep joy and love went singing,
As you held my red, red roses,
And then kiss'd me where I stood!

Now the world is cold and silent,
I bring back your crimson roses,
For your grave, your grave, my darling
Down beside the wintry sea;
Do you hear my sad heart calling
As the night around us closes?
Do you hear me tread above you—
Do you still belong to me?

SUNSHINE OF MY WORLD

Had I the tongue to tell how sweet
You are to me, mine own,
I 'd move all men on gladsome feet
To worship at Love's Throne ;
But words of mine can ne'er reveal
The wealth in you impearl'd—
I only call you, woe or weal,
The Sunshine of my World !

Could I describe your gentle ways,
Your beauty, maiden-wise ;
Or tell in sweet and simple phrase
Of love-light in your eyes—
I know that lips, grown cold, would cling :
To sudden rapture hurl'd ;
Your woman's golden heart I sing,
O, Sunshine of my World !

A LITTLE SONG OF LIFE

Life is thrilling; Life is dull;
Life is full of grace;
Life and Love, and this wondrous world—
Life—and your glowing face!

Life is tedious; Life is brief;
Life is hard to bear;
Love and Life, and the night's sweet dream—
Love—and your bright, bright hair!

Life is happy; Life is long;
Life under Love's own skies;
Love and Life, and a home for two,
Lit by your loving eyes!

BY OUR OWN FIRESIDE

When days are long, and nights seem dark with woe
I sometimes ask if life is worth the pain;
And then I read your eyes, with love aglow,
And I repeat this old-time sweet refrain—
Life has not changed much since the world began,
For 'tis hard when the best is said;
There 'll be no more tears in a hundred years—
Once dead, we 're a long time dead!
There is love I know
By the hearth's warm glow,
In the home where our treasures abide;
Just you and I there make this old world fair,
When we 're safe by our own fireside!

So why complain when skies frown black above?
At set of sun the moon and stars arise:
Two hearts that beat with fortitude and love
Can make of this old world a Paradise!
Life has not changed much since the world began,
For 'tis hard when the best is said;
There 'll be no more tears in a hundred years—
Once dead, we 're a long time dead!
There is love I know
By the hearth's warm glow,
In the home where our treasures abide;
Just you and I there make this old world fair,
When we 're safe by our own fireside!

MELODIES OF WIND AND WAVE

I LOVE to stand at eventide and watch the speeding ships ;
Enjoy the tang of salt and tar that lingers on my lips :
For wind and wave are wonderful, and O, they put to rights
The cobwebs of a weary brain on starlit autumn nights !

O, the music of the ocean,
And the magic of the wind :
I dream about them day and night,
When they lie far behind ;
If you have liv'd away from men,
Where billows reel and roll,
Then melodies of wind and wave
Will haunt your happy soul !

The waves have always lov'd the wind far more than men may guess ;
Each corner of this splendid earth they know and both caress :
And wind and wave were made for you, to cleanse all ache and smart,
So take their dreams of health and hope, and wear them in your heart.

O, the music of the ocean,
And the magic of the wind :
I dream about them day and night,
When they lie far behind ;
If you have liv'd away from men,
Where billows reel and roll,
Then melodies of wind and wave
Will haunt your happy soul !

LITTLE NIGHT-FACE

(A NIGERIAN SLEEP-SONG)

Sleep, Little Night-Face, hear the coastwind creeping,
Creeping through the forest, and whistling in the field;
Slumber, dusky little son, the skies may soon be weeping,
And the branches all be crashing, like spears upon the shield!

Birdies all have hid their heads, my little one,
Not one tiny grey-throat now sings till morrow's cheep;
The bush-flow'rs are a-nodding, and dreaming of the ruddy sun:
The wolf, the dog, the bush-cat are all safe asleep—asleep!

All the world is silent; departed is toil's clangour,
Resting is the hatred, the bitterness, the scorn;
Night reigns supreme: she has banish'd strife and anger—
Slumber, Little Night-Face, through the hours when Love was born!
Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!

Albert Jowett.

A SONG OF MUSIC AND BEAUTY

Beauty, Beauty ev'rywhere, and God gave me eyes to see!
Beauty around and above me; and all of it open and free!
Our life is a wonderful blessing,
Our love wears a garland of gold—
When the buttercups dance to the elf-winds,
And the daisies soft petals unfold;
When singing and flinging and swinging, the birds are at home in the tree;
And wiling, beguiling and smiling, you trip through the meadows to me:
When cloud-lace above
In heav'n's blue arch of love
Make Beauty and Music,
And laughter and glory
For you—just for you—and for me!

Music, Music ev'rywhere, and God gave me ears to hear!
Music around and above me; and all of my senses are clear!
The lark climbs its magical stairway,
The blackbird in ecstasy trills;
And, dimpling along in the dayshine,
The brook babbles by to the rills;
When beaming and gleaming and dreaming the stars call to meadow and lea;
And twining, refining and shining, God's Mirror reflects earth and sea:

When cloud-lace above
In heav'n's blue arch of love
Make Music and Beauty,
And glory and laughter
For you—just for you—and for me!

OLD DESIRES

Too much of leisure; too much of love;
But the Spring 's here, and the sea 's near,
And Heav'n 's above!

Too much of pleasure; too much of pain;
But the bird sings, and the wood rings,
And friends remain!

Too much of wisdom; too much of grief;
But the sun shines, and the heart pines
For sweet relief!

Too much of laughter; too much of tears;
And 'tis Good-night, with a new-found light,
When Death appears!

KIRRY, OF MONA'S SWEET ISLE

ARE you watching the fishing-boats put out to sea,
Dear Kirry of Mona's sweet isle ?
Do you wave to a lad in rough corduroys clad,
Who has lov'd you this many a while ?
Are you watching and longing—your sweet fancies thronging
Toward him, far over the foam ?
Are you dreaming and scheming—your thoughts outward streaming
To the morning you 'll welcome him home ?
O dear little Kirry, so blithesome and cheery :
Dear Kirry of Mona's Sweet Isle !

Are you waiting the fishing-boats back from the sea,
Dear Kirry of Mona's sweet isle ?
How I would I were him, when the daylight grows dim,
And the stars in the blue heavens smile !
For your heart 's in his keeping, both waking and sleeping—
You love him, far over the foam !
There 'll be dancing and singing, sweet wedding-bells ringing,
On the morning you welcome him home !
O dear little Kirry, so blithesome and cheery :
Dear Kirry of Mona's Sweet Isle !

THE BLUE SUN-BONNET

She is just a country maiden,
And she wears a blue sun-bonnet;
When you meet her in the meadows,
How you set your heart upon it—
For red roses bloom within it:
Golden hair all brightly gleaming,
And that bonnet seems like Heaven,
With love's banners from it streaming!

First she pokes the bonnet forward,
Till you see her dark eyes dancing;
Then a mouth that craves for kisses,
And a chin that 's quite entrancing;
And you swear there 's nothing sweeter,
Nothing neater or more knowing
Than that little blue sun-bonnet,
With just half its treasures showing!

But your pleasure in it 's doubled,
When she drops it to her shoulder;
While her roguish lips are pouting,
As she sees your glance grow bolder;
And you lean your face toward her . . .
Sure! No honey sweet as this is—
Underneath that blue sun-bonnet,
Just one kiss—or *two* long kisses!

FLEETING JOYS

No flow'rs but fade ;
    No songs that live for ever ;
No love e'er made
    But Death can sever ;
No gift but gets
    Its worth from earlier gains ;
No silk but frets,
    No bauble worth the pains ;
No hope of heav'n,
    No dreams come true ;
All anguish, ev'n
    For me and you !

No flow'rs : but Springs
    Give back their pristine passion ;
No soul : but wings
    Grow from Death's fashion ;
No action kind
    But lifts love to the skies ;
A place to find
    In Someone's trusting eyes ;
One faithful heart,
    One dream come true ;
One world apart
    For me and you !

EYES THAT SHINE FOR ME

Love has the lure and the thrill of the ocean—
Of the wide open sea strong youth ever craves :
The Sea calls as Love calls, with tender emotion,
And O, but your eyes hold the blue of the waves !
The Sea calls and Love calls, with tender emotion,
And O, 'tis for you that my hungry heart craves !
O luring eyes, O sea-blue eyes,
That shine alone for me !

Love has the lure of earth's magical beauty—
Its music, its glory, its rhythm, its show :
The Rose calls and Night calls, to love as a duty,
And O, but your eyes hold the Night's starry glow !
The Rose calls and Night calls, with wonder and beauty,
And O, 'tis for you my heart hungers, I know !
O luring eyes, O starry eyes,
That shine alone for me !

LONDON TOWN

Deep, deep in the heart of the City,
There eddies around my feet
The noise and the hurry and clamour
Of the traffic's tumultuous beat;
Through the glare of the arc-lamps above me
Looms the grey of the fathomless skies:
O, sad is their gaze
In these mad, modern days,
Where the stars in still brooding gleam down—
For these are the eyes, the mysterious eyes
Of London, old London Town!

Away in the somnolent suburbs
Blithe birds in the bare branches sing;
There is joy in each old-fashioned garden:
The soft rush of a swift-speeding wing;
For the Spring has crept over the river,
Eluding the smoke for a while:
And shy in the sun
Till the daylight is done,
Are the shrubs that mistook green for brown—
For this is the smile, the slow sorrowful smile
Of London, old London Town!

The sun that illumines the country
Is the same sun that old London greets :
As she garners her secret communings,
'Mid Wealth that man's avarice cheats ;
So, let hurry and noise and wild clamour
Make the hearts of all townsmen rejoice—
Let her tinsel seem sure,
As we bow to her Lure,
While the years her brief chronicles crown—
For this is the voice, the ironical voice
Of London, old London Town !

WHAT MATTERS TO-MORROW?

What matters To-morrow, if we live all to-day?
The birds sweetly pipe from their arbour so gay,
Where blossoms are crowding to clamber and cling—
My darling, look round us: 'tis morning, and Spring!

What matters To-morrow, if we love in the sun?
Each hour shall hold honey till daylight be done!
The brook, on its pebbles, shall teach us to sing—
My darling, my darling, 'tis morning, and Spring!

What matters To-morrow, if we kiss in the shade?
Green leaves of the elm in cool blessing are laid!
Let two hearts beat as one, and the future shall bring
Love's Harvest in Autumn, as crown to Life's Spring!

LOVE, THE DEATHLESS!

Love never dies: for when Life's Day is done
Love's moon a milder glory sheds around;
And you and I will know both moon and sun—
Nor need we fear the cold and silent ground!
Silent? Ah, no! For loving hearts will turn
To golden-hearted lilies; and white hands
To red and radiant roses, that will burn
Till crimson'd o'er with glory are the lands!

When men have buried you beneath the sod,
Your cloven lips a peony shall be;
And that fair brow which proudly tells of God
Shall emulate the pearly narcissi;
Let both our souls no longer fear kind Death,
When Nature shall be sister and a queen:
When beast and bird and flow'r shall share our breath,
And we shall not be bond-slaves of the Seen!

We shall live on—shall know because we knew
All sensuous being: equal with the dawn:
The sunshine, and the moonbeam, and the dew,
The dryad, and the centaur, and the faun:
And when some lonely wayfarer, whose feet
Are weary, O so weary, sits awhile
Upon our grave, his heart will learn how sweet
Has been our love—and share with us Love's Smile!

LOVE TURNED ADRIFT

Your heart was mortgaged to me; so
I paid no rent; nor need I show
My right to dwell!
That lien you cancel—bid me 'Go'—
And thus . . . Farewell!

You clear love's debt in mocking jest;
Nor deem that in your throbbing breast
I liv'd alone:
Yet—not alone! Hope was my guest
Upon Love's Throne!

True: I have liv'd in many a heart,
And felt the separating smart
From breasts so true:
Yet *you* had ne'er a counterpart,
Among the few!

Now, homeless, I must pace once more
Beyond your heart's close-fasten'd door—
Must watch your face:
But, till my death, I hold and store
This last embrace—
Your love's last sweet embrace!

CHILDHOOD FANCIES

Childhood Fancies! Childhood Fancies!
How they haunt my dreams to-day!
Blows the breeze as fresh and fragrant, as it used to long ago?
Can aught else, like Childhood Fancies,
Thrill the soul with love and rapture,
Make the mind as warmly glow—
Sweet, glad dreams of Long Ago?

Childhood Fancies! Childhood Fancies!
O the weary road before!
But the tender lips behind me, in those youthful golden days!
Let me dream of Childhood Fancies,
With my true love's warm hand clasping,
And my glad heart full of praise
For the sweets of Love's First Rays!
For the joys of Other Days!

SMILES

THERE are wrinkles on most faces—won't you choose the proper style ?—
Not the kind that come from worry, but the sort made with a smile !
For I 've found that fret and flurry never happiness impart,
Whereas smiles are Lamps to lighten all the Chambers of the Heart !

There 's a pow'rful lot of pleasure just to see the shrubs in flow'r :
When white bells of frangipanni burst to ring out Christmas hour ;
When the clust'ring bougainvilleas and the sweet mimosas curl
Round the little porch and roof-tree that enshrines the one dear girl !

When the birds are wildly singing, till they scarce can sing no more,
And the stars come out a-dancing on the lace of heaven's floor ;
When bright evening-lamps are glowing, and a pair of sparkling eyes
Call you homeward through the twilight, lit with love and glad surprise.

Take my word, there 's joy and laughter in this bad old world below
If you 'll take the gifts God sends you, and content you with Life's Show ;
For the sweets surpass the bitters, though you live one hundred years,
And your soul should swell with rapture, e'en when eyes are wells of tears.

There are wrinkles on *most* faces—but *you* 'll choose the proper style ?—
Not the kind that come from worry, but the sort made with a smile !
Then you 'll find all life 's a pleasure, and you 'll keep (and *never part*)
Those sweet smiles, like Lamps, that lighten ev'ry Chamber of the Heart !

FROM MY BALCONY AT LAGOS

Sunshine, gracious and benign, flits along the floor,
And to me it seems a sign—newer joys in store ;
Through the lattice I can see, framed in gold, the fields ;
And my rhyming, peacefully, deep contentment yields ;
Birds are flut'ring gaudy wings, fluting fond and free,
While all Nature sighs and sings, in her ecstasy !

How this world with love is full, morn to ev'ning long—
Joyous, splendid, beautiful, lit with silv'ry song ;
Let *me* learn life's lesson too, sing as Nature sings,
Drown my heart in dawn and dew, cultivate Love's wings :
Sing for singing's own sweet sake, drench'd in dear delight—
Make my music-calls awake Love at love's first sight !

See ! The red sun climbs to kiss the roses, swaying high,
Each new moment bright with bliss as it frolics by ;
Have the roses, in surprise, learn'd *how* Love is found :
Boldly climbing to the skies—roots held in the ground ?
For 'tis clear that Man *must* love, and his loving show
When his thoughts are twin'd above, but his *acts* below !

Hence I kiss the roving breeze, as it kisses me—
Hence I hail the dancing trees, in free-masonry !
Life is happy (so I find !) far from busy throngs,
Where the birds, with gen'rous mind, teach me all their songs ;
Murmur winds ! Shine, skies above ! Life is very sweet !
Teach me how to live in love, till Love reigns replete !

MARMOSET AND MAIDEN

Upon the deck she stood beside the little wooden cage
Of one who knew a million years of mournful heritage :
A tiny thing of gold-brown fur, who thrust one wistful paw
Within her palm ; then look'd at her—with wond'ring eyes that saw
The apogee of all his race ; and seem'd to understand
What wealth of tenderness there lay behind her soothing hand !

Then, as I watch'd, a mist of tears subdued my longing eyes,
Rememb'ring he was kin with us, and shared our destinies :
Yearning, alone ; loving, unlov'd ; with dreams lock'd in his brain
That blurred ancestral memories, and left him only pain ;
And softly to myself I said : ' Would God, Who reigns above,
That all men felt for helpless things such deeps of friendly love ! '

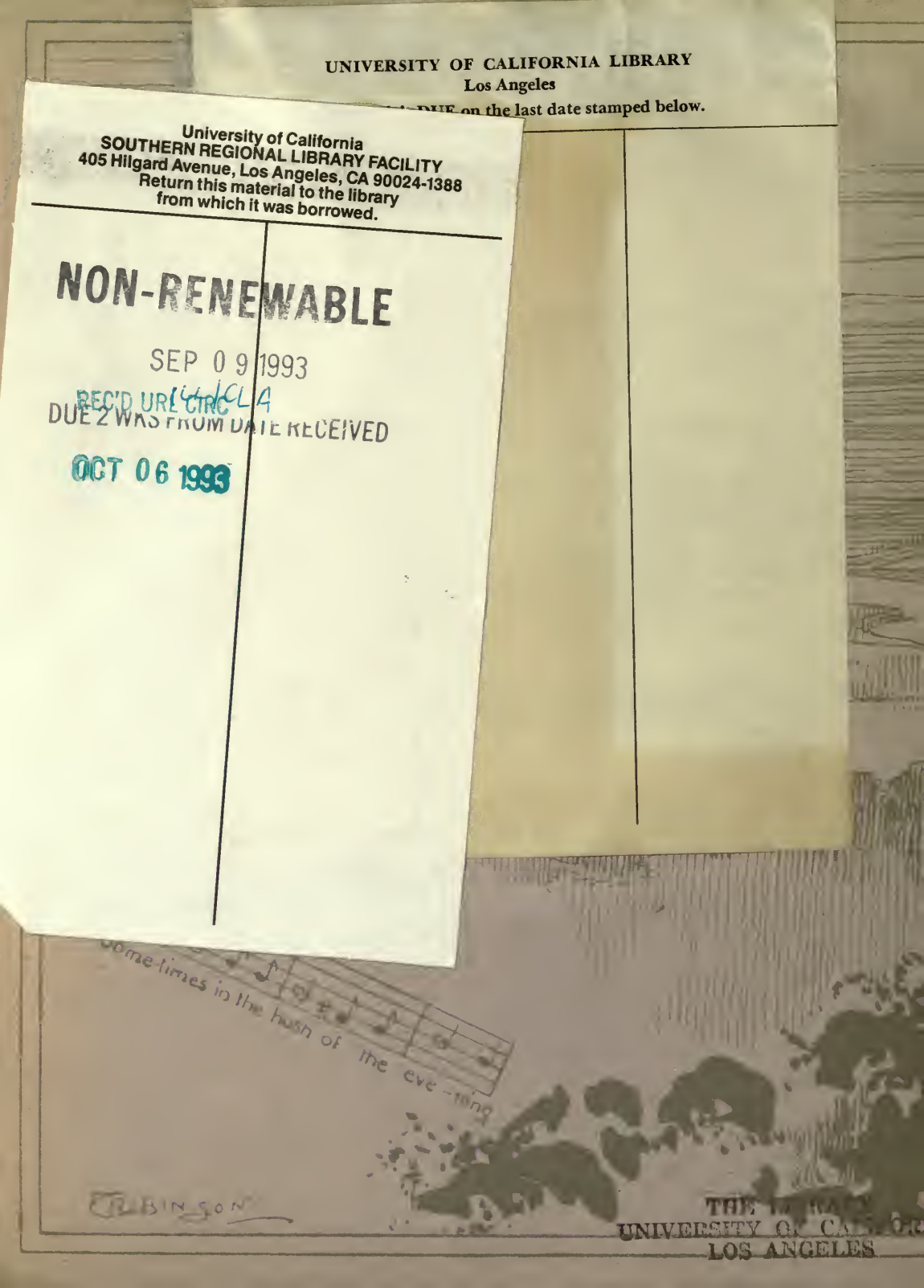
Edinburgh : Printed by T. and A. Constable Ltd.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
DUE on the last date stamped below.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

NON-RENEWABLE

SEP 09 1993
REC'D URL CIRC
DUE 2 WKS FROM DATE RECEIVED
OCT 06 1993



THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

PR
6037
S9325mi
1921

Stuart-Young-
Minor melod-
ies

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 561 450 8

PR
6037
S9325mi
1921